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Front Cover:
One of the bizarre ice formations beached by Hudson Bay tidal action creates a frame for this month-of-June photo by Eric Henderson of Fort Smith, N.W.T.

Information For Contributors: See article on Pg. 52

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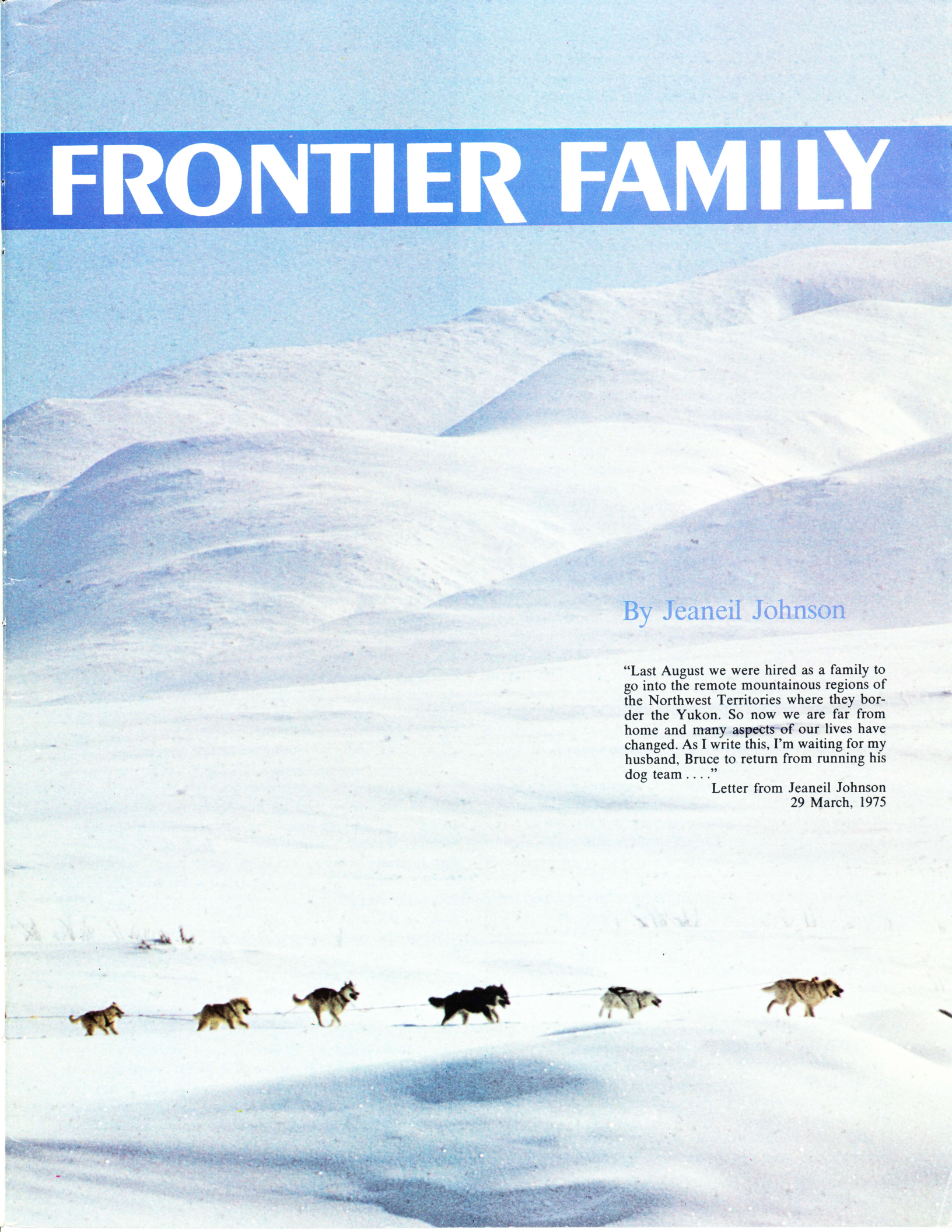
FRONTIER FAMILY

By Jeaneil Johnson

"Last August we were hired as a family to go into the remote mountainous regions of the Northwest Territories where they border the Yukon. So now we are far from home and many aspects of our lives have changed. As I write this, I'm waiting for my husband, Bruce to return from running his dog team . . . ."

Letter from Jeaneil Johnson
29 March, 1975



Our winter-long stay in a little camp on the Canol Road was our first visit to the Northwest Territories. We look back on those nine months as a very special experience. From now on, the words "Northwest Territories" will conjure up enduring memories of a silent and spacious land—harsh yet beautiful and as promising as it is forbidding.

My husband, Bruce, was hired to take weather observations near MacMillan Pass on the east side of the Mackenzie Mountains which make up the western border of the Territories. It would be the first extensive weather data obtained for this remote area of northern Canada, enabling our employer to make decisions about a proposed mine near where we would be stationed.

A somewhat startling condition of the job was that Bruce would be taking his family and 17 sled dogs with him. Since this new home would be completely isolated in winter, the idea of maintaining a man and his entire household for the duration was indeed unique. It involved a high degree of risk and responsibility; a great deal of planning and thought had to go into the launching of the project and some extra expense, but we all felt it was worth it. Settling on the notion that only by staying comfortable and happy can a man endure long absences from society, it was decided the winter research project might prove more successful if approached with considerations for wife, children and dogs included.

The surrounding 8000 foot peaks were rugged and majestic compared to the modest tundra knoll where we set up camp beside the Tsichu River. Knowing we would recieve supplies by helicopter once a month only, weather permitting, we worked quickly to get in a huge supply of food and other necessities. By October 1, the weather instruments were installed, the propane heating was working, and we were settled in. Within days the snow began to fall and by the end of October, with 43 inches accumulated, our snowshoes already were showing the wear.

When temperatures dropped to -30°C in November, my main concern became what to do with all that canned food. I had to find a place to store it that would be off the floor, which averaged a below-freezing temperature. I also had to have it out of the way but still available. It wasn't easy to do in the two rooms, 10 by 20 feet each. Our mounds of cold-weather clothing and boots had to take up a lot of that space. It was a constant shuffle, but we made it through with only a case of canned milk frozen. It was separated, but could be used in cooking.

The old year went out in an 18-hour blizzard beginning Dec. 31, with gusts of 70 miles an hour piling snow ten feet high against our door.

Even when it got to be -53°C in January, I didn't mind the cold floors until it was time to mop and wax. The water on the floor froze into a thin sheet of ice before I could get it wiped up.

Our three-year-old daughter Zea finds any clothing a bit encumbering, so running barefoot in the house was normal for her, and she seemed to be comfortable no matter how cold the floors. She was never sick, nor ever had a runny nose. In fact, none of us were sick a day, until we took our three weeks off and went to town.

Our 12-year-old, Elizabeth, escaped the drafts by retreating to her cozy corner in the top bunk. Surrounded by geometry, zoology, Tolkien and Farley Mowat, she would disappear for hours.

WEATHER OBSERVERS. Terry Thompson of Whitehorse atmospheric environment office shows Bruce and Jeaneil Johnson how to time helium-filled balloon ascent to determine cloud heights. Their daughter Zea holds balloon.

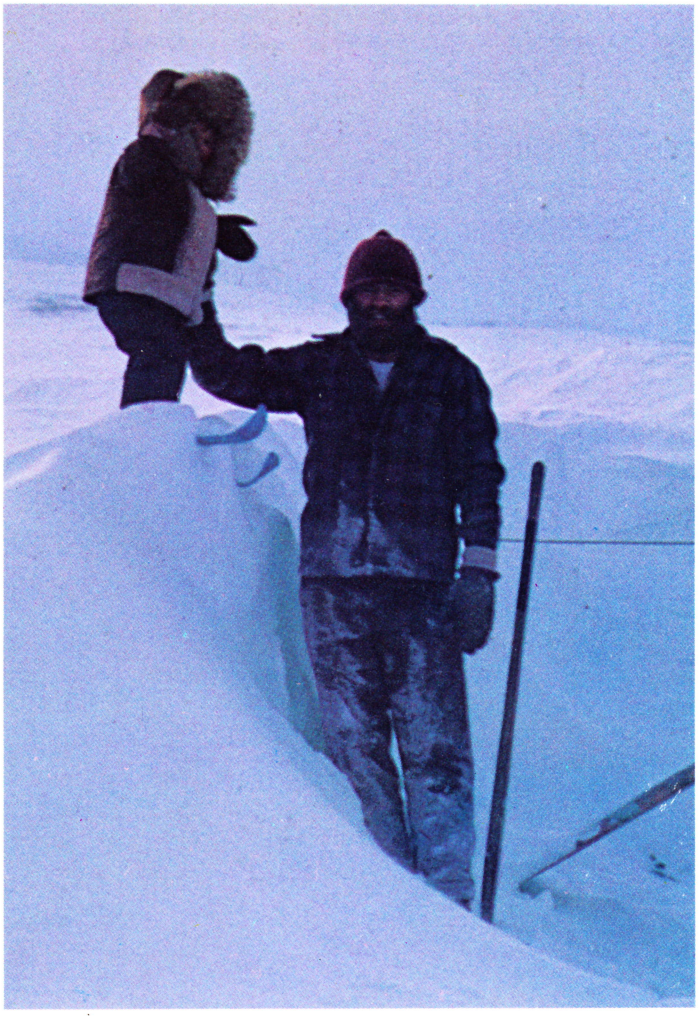
I made sure I had plenty of sewing and arts-and-crafts supplies to work on. Water-colour painting slacked off, but there was plenty of photography to be done. And if I ran out of baking, cooking, and chores to do, I often grabbed my camera and snowshoes and set out in search of anything that looked photogenic. Though frowned on by Bruce, my packing that camera around in snow and dogsled gave us a good collection of slides to remind us of our adventures.

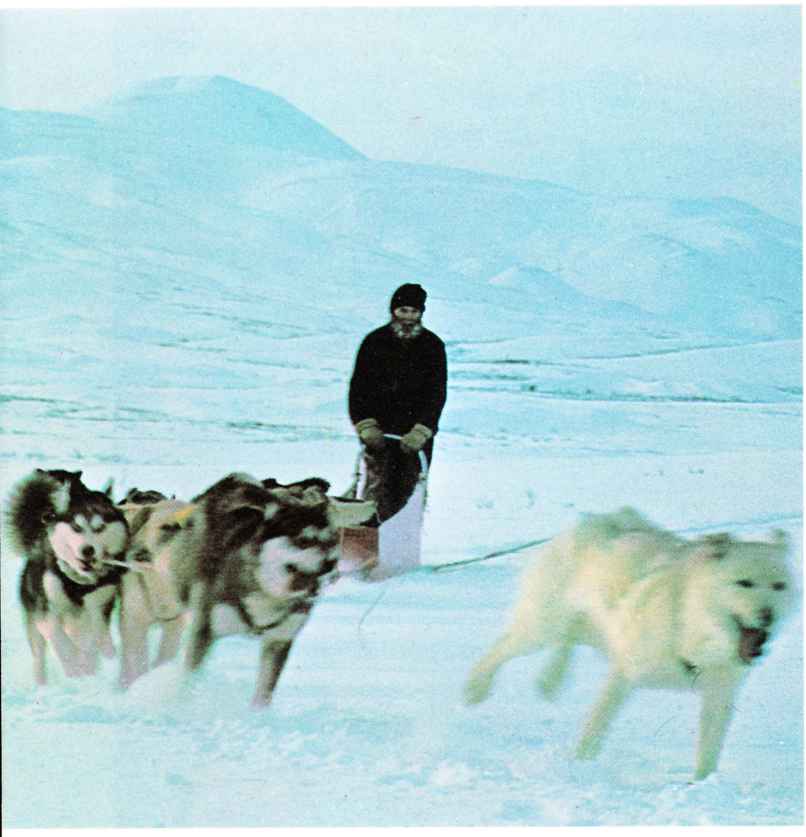
Bruce spent most of his days outside. When he did come in, it was to eat or write down the weather. His dogs' houses filled with blowing snow and he dug them out, my clothesline drifted over and he dug it up to move inside the porch. Weather instruments quit working, propane lines froze up, and morning weather readings came four hours before daylight. Despite the often miserable weather for these outdoor tasks, he never complained and seemed to enjoy having much to do.

When the water system froze up in November, Bruce began devoting a good part of his day to the hauling of clean snow to melt for wash water, or river ice for drinking and cooking.

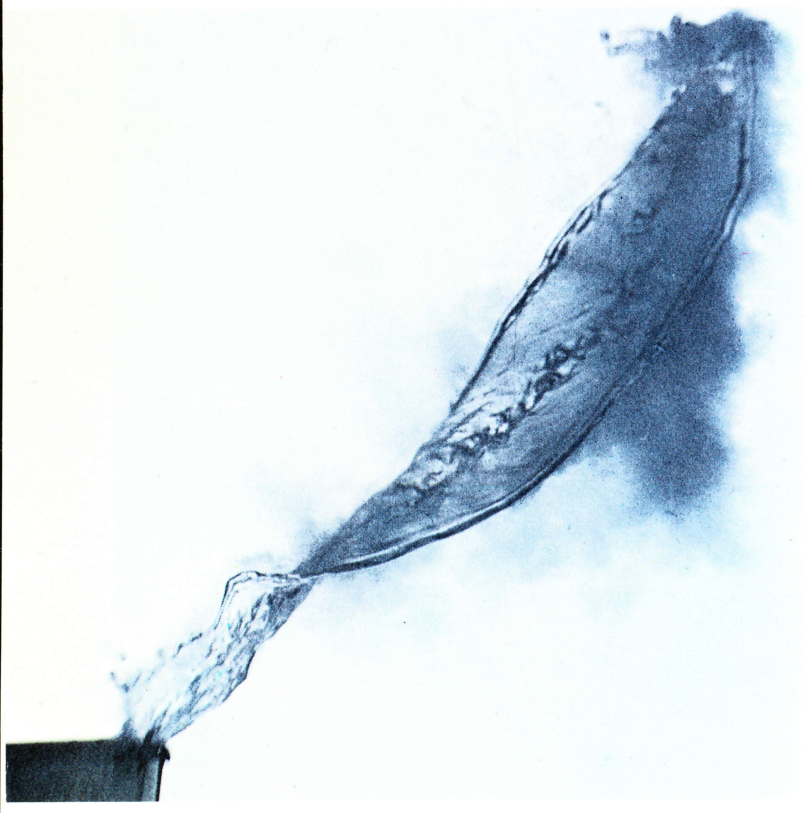
I suppose the only unpleasant experience Bruce will recall vividly was going out in the morning to run his dogs and finding the trail obliterated by drifting snow. Since he was trying to get the dogs in shape for the Whitehorse Sourdough Rendezvous race in February, he wanted to be able to run them as fast as they could go. This was impossible with the narrow trail he managed to keep packed during the many days of brisk winds and heavy snow fall. Sacrificing speed for the safety of the dogs, the pace was about seven miles an hour.

POSSIBLE TUNGSTEN MINE. Author's daughter, Zea sits atop likely Amax mine site overlooking Cirque Lake, N.W.T. in valley where Johnson's camp later was painted by author (lower left). Family's front yard snowdrifts reached 10 feet in Dec. 31 storm.





NORTHERN TRICKS. Bruce Johnson's lead dog, Snowball rounds the bend to the home stretch in a training run. Below, author captures water freezing in mid-air at -63°F. in January.



He didn't want any dogs going so fast they fell off the side of the trail into soft snow up to five feet deep. This could result in an injured leg, and resting the dog for most of the season was something we couldn't afford with only eight or nine dogs capable of going into a race team. To get them going long distances also was difficult, with our laboriously maintained dog trail only three miles long, one-fifth the length of each day's leg of the big race.

It was discouraging to dogs and man to repeatedly run the same trail, but we stuck with it. When those nine dogs got into the back of the helicopter for their trip to the Sourdough Rendezvous, they never stopped being eager, and ran with great enthusiasm for the three days, bringing Bruce in with a respectable tenth place out of 34 teams. He couldn't have been more satisfied with their performance and decided that training a dog team on the wind-swept tundra wasn't so bad after all. Inspired, he hopes to develop a team tough enough for the grueling 150-mile Yellowknife, N.W.T., Canadian championship dog derby.

When the deep snow came in the Fall, the moose and caribou were long gone. Looking constantly for any signs of life that might stay behind to share the long winter with us, we found any set of tracks a great discovery. Rarely did we see the owner of the tracks. Bruce went farther from camp with the dogs, so he often got a fleeting glimpse of a red fox or a wolverine. My favourite encounters were with the snowy owl and a lone black wolf.

We had other excitement too. Cold dark nights with the sky full of stars wiped out by a magnificent display of northern lights. A yellow fox crouching atop our dogfood shed. The day the sun came back. A rosy sunset at 4:30 in the afternoon. A full moon. A new batch of puppies.

And a supply trip; a helicopter landing with instant visitors, mail, fresh fruit and eggs. Once in a while if someone came and couldn't bring our mail, we realized how much we valued that contact with the "outside." Just a package of magazines and candy from a friend, meant that the last month of our existence had not gone unnoticed.

We found we also valued having a good supply of different foods, and were sure to keep a variety of teas, homemade breads and cookies on hand for snacks.

A good tool or book took the honored place on the shelf, while needless gadgets were designated a dusty corner on the porch.

Music was important, and radio programs like Touch the Earth, and As It Happens, were rarely missed, no matter how much static. Our side-band radio gave us a way to contact the outside in case of an emergency. Fortunately we had to use it only when calling in the weather reports or to treat ourselves to a radio-phone call to a friend or relative.

We seem to be asked the same question over and over: "Don't you get bored or lonely after a while?" And the answer is always difficult.

We could analyze it objectively and say there is no way we would stay if we weren't enjoying ourselves, for when members of any group begin to lose patience, the rest suffer, and soon everyone is unhappy. But to say we really like living alone sounds a bit unrealistic, so we don't quite know what to say.

Keeping busy has a lot to do with it. And the kids seem to

be happy as long as the grown-ups are.

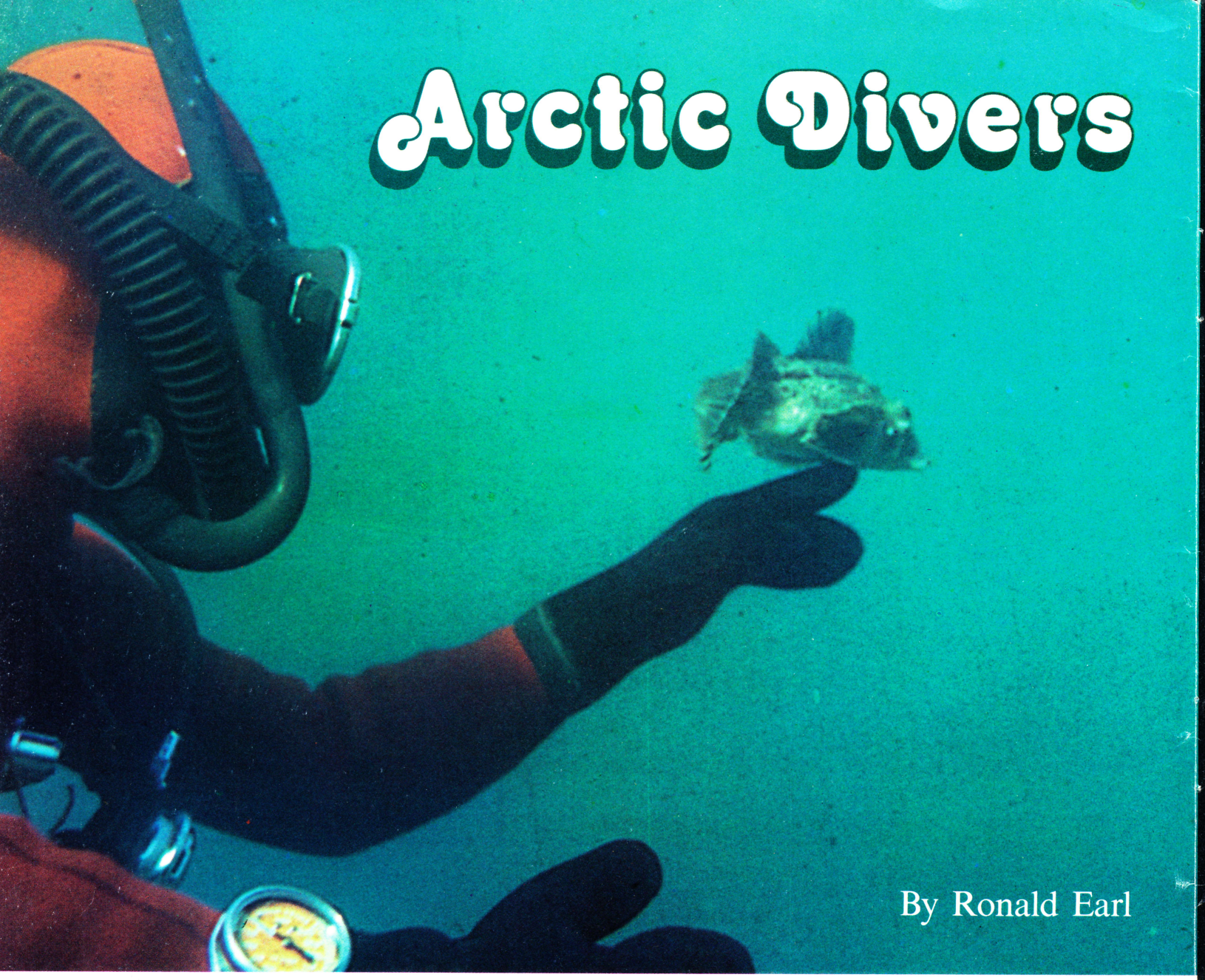
That we stayed happy and had fun, doesn't mean we were completely carefree or lacking in caution. I never left for a snowshoe jaunt unless Bruce was in the house to watch the stoves and kids. We kept in mind the consequences of our actions and tried not to take chances. We sustained minor cuts and burns, and Bruce got hit in the side with the toboggan handle-bar to the tune of some cracked ribs; otherwise we went relatively accident free.

Since we tried to accept the weather, nature, the land and the animals for what they were, it was possible for us to be relaxed no matter what happened. We planned our existence to fit in with what the environment offered and never tried to go against it.

* * *

So spring has come to this land at last. We now have Herring Gulls, Tree Sparrows, and Sandpipers to befriend. As I look out over the miles of lichen and moss covered hillsides, I can barely recall those silent white landscapes of a month ago. I feel as though the memories of winter are locked in the silence of their own existence and are almost impossible to recount. Equally elusive are the words to express the simple understanding our isolation has taught us: of how valuable life is, for it's own sake. Maybe this is something the Eskimo and Indian people learned long ago and neglected to tell us. At least we know how fortunate we were to have a chance to learn it on our own.

CAMPING OUT. Overnighting on frozen Tsichu River April 30, the Johnsons awoke to cackling of ptarmigan, already showing some Spring feathers. Winter snows later gave way to miles of colourful mosses and lichen.



Arctic Divers

By Ronald Earl

In the Arctic daytime darkness, an Eskimo crouches to peer into a hole chopped through the Beaufort Sea ice.

It has the look of a seal hunt. But this time the forms slithering out of the hole into -40° air are brilliant orange, with the big double cannisters of underwater divers strapped to their backs.

Gazing out from behind the face masks are Wayne Gzowski and George Pieper, partners in Arctic Divers, one of the North's more adventurous enterprises.

Each 34, they have spent five years diving together and apart, often with Eskimo companions above, just about anyplace there's water North of 60. They've flirted with narwhals and hacked bodies free of the ice, raised silver bullion from a sunken truck and cleaned out Frobisher Bay's water intake.

They discovered the mysterious black holes, those lifeless pits on the Arctic Ocean floor and found countless forms of plant and animal life beneath the Arctic ice.

Yet according to Gzowski, the voluble member of the duo, their work is a mere ripple on the surface of the world's least known ocean.

"There's probably three million miles of coastline up here," Gzowski explains. "Yet all the exploration done by everybody amounts to about three square city blocks."

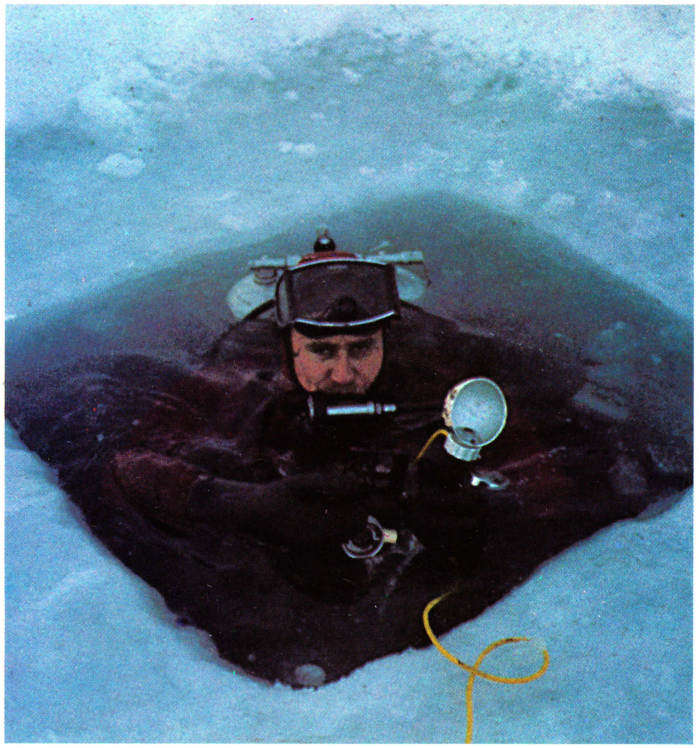
The pair base their company in Yellowknife, but their hearts—and their dreams—are in the High Arctic where only a handful of men have delved into the "inner world" of the Arctic Ocean.

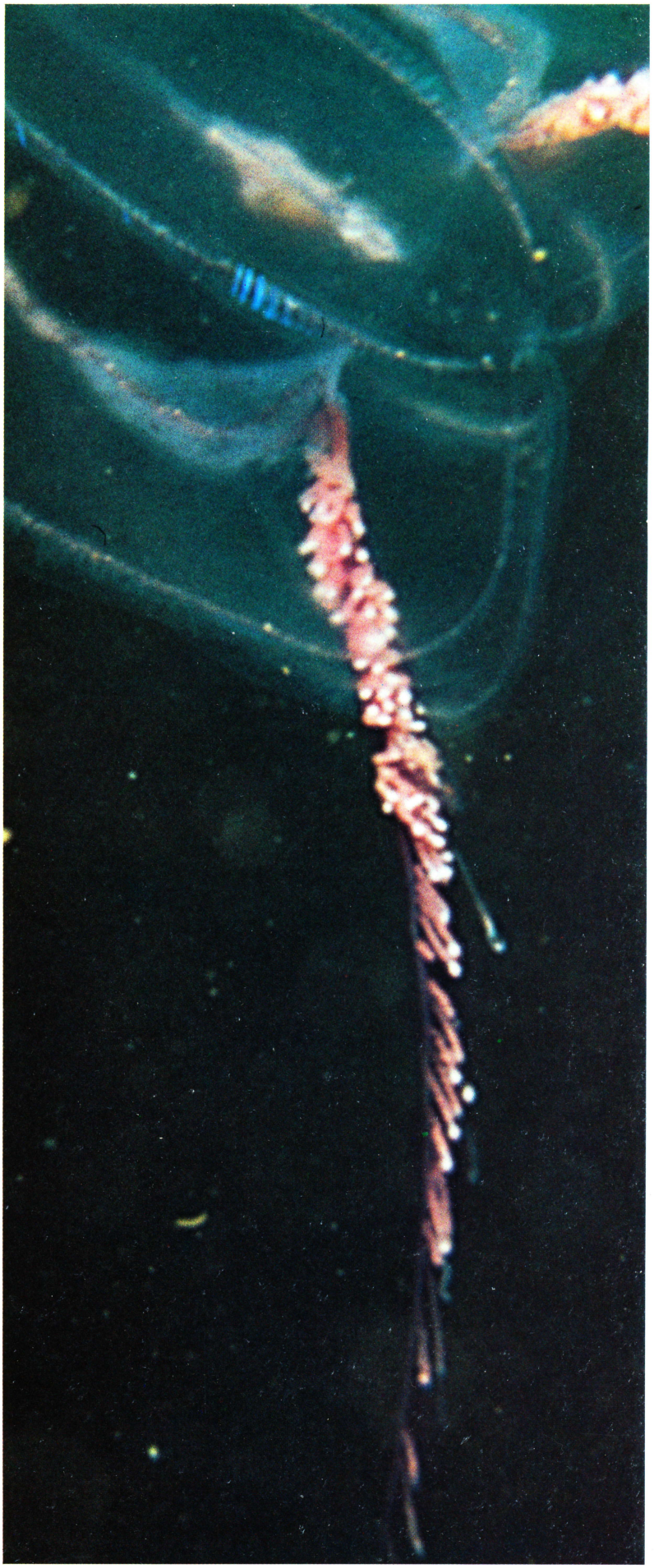
"We have tried to sort of combine the white man's way of living and the Eskimo's way, and I think we're learning a lot. They feel close to us in a way, probably because we're battling the elements along with them.

"Both George and I," Gzowski says, "really like to live like the Indians and Eskimos. There's nothing better to me than to pack all our gear—forget bloody skidoos—and take a dog team way the hell up into the Arctic and just have the thrill of building a huge big igloo and digging down through that ice and then going down to see all the marine life.

"There's more marine life in the Arctic Ocean than anywhere else in the world."

Adds Pieper: "It's totally different from diving in the south.





ON TARGET. Wayne Gzowski surfaces with underwater camera near Cape Parry. Left, diver befriends Arctic Sculpin in Strathcona Sound. Right, Comb Jellyfish in Pond inlet.

Down there you always know in advance what you'll see."

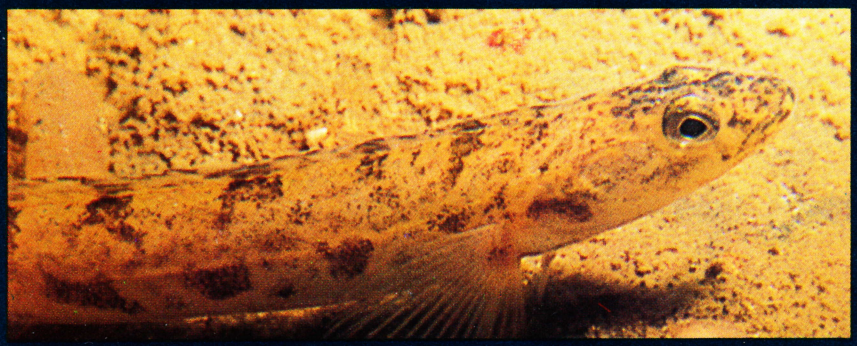
Size of the marine life forms, says Gzowski, ranges from microscopic to mammoth: "It's strange, but everything seems to be either smaller than eight inches or bigger than four feet.

"There's a tiny fish that looks like a tropical puffin fish and can blow itself up. It's commonly known as a lump sucker. It has a little disc on the bottom and sucks itself onto a rock. They're so bloody comical the way they flounder around, with two little buggy eyes, and they're sort of short, fat and warty.

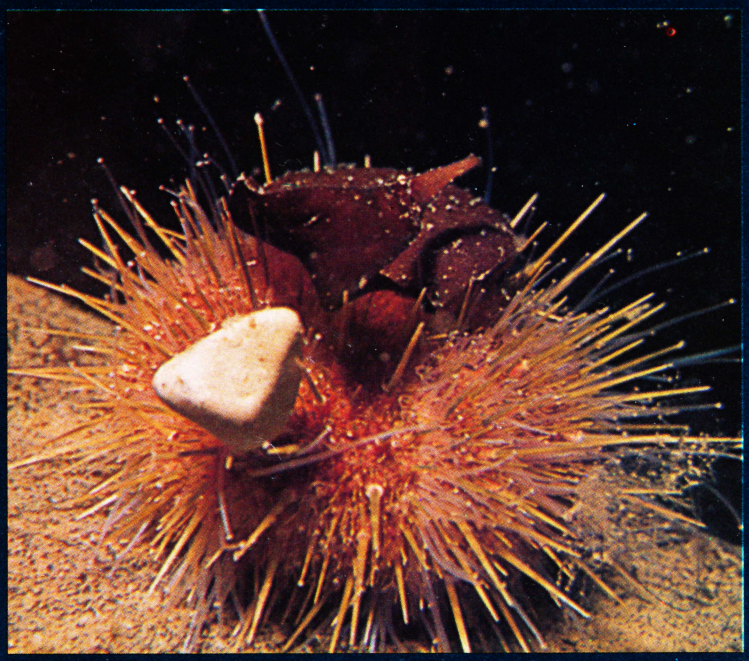
"Then, there's the wolf fish, a big ugly black brute with beady yellow eyes. They're almost amphibious and you can leave them on shore for about six hours before they die. They're also the only fish that can follow you with their eyes . . . they just sit on the bottom and watch you walk by. They've got teeth sticking up which grow out of the bottom lip which is sort of like a leathery plate. In short, they're damned ugly."

Sitting in the living room of the old Negus Mine home (circa late '30's) Gzowski is restoring south of Yellowknife, the conversation with him and Pieper returns with regularity to a pet subject: narwhals.

One of the least-known mammals of the world, these graceful 12 to 16-foot gray whales with their long spiraliform tusks have never been captured live and, until Gzowski and Pieper nabbed a few frames on inadequate equipment, had never been photographed while submerged in their natural Arctic Ocean habitat.



COUNTERCLOCKWISE from upper left: Sea anemone; Gunnel; Sea Urchin mistakes rock for clam dinner; Sea Worm; Brittle Star; Sea Snail; Rock Cod; Arctic Sculpin.



Gzowski, the exuberant, boyish half of the team, recalls their first meeting with the narwhals off Pond Inlet in 1973 with arm-waving excitement.

"We heard them about a mile away, spouting like whales, but with a distinctive whistle. I got so excited I just grabbed a snorkel, jumped overboard and started swimming toward them.

"I was down about 20 feet, and all of a sudden there it was . . . this great big creature appearing out of nowhere. By that time I was just about out of air, so I surfaced. And, there she was, just lying there in the water looking at me."

Pieper, a quiet-spoken, methodical, ex-German Air Force pilot, had taken time to put on his underwater breathing gear and followed Gzowski.

"I saw the same female come over to George, this time with a couple of friends. George followed them all the way down to the bottom, beckoning to them. They'd come within about a foot, but they wouldn't let him touch them. They seemed to be fascinated by the bubbles (from the underwater breathing gear).

"I thought, 'God, if a bull comes around with one of those tusks. . ."

Later dives brought the pair into contact with bulls, although Gzowski emphasizes this was only after the females had scouted out the territory.

"They behave just like killer whales," he said. "They come charging in like a locomotive until they're about a foot away, then they suddenly turn off. They know exactly where that tusk is going—Thank God."

Gzowski, a Montreal-born and educated veteran of five years with the Canadian Navy, first met Pieper when both were working for Giant Yellowknife gold mine.

Pieper arrived after a stint working mines in the interior of Australia followed by a couple of years commercial diving in Australia and Fiji. Gzowski was working to pay off debts built up when his southern Ontario health club went bankrupt.

Although working and living at the same mine-site, the pair met only after Gzowski was asked by RCMP to dive under the ice of Yellowknife Bay for the bodies of three persons killed when their car dropped into the waters of Great Slave Lake. He put a call over the CBC radio for a partner and Pieper responded.

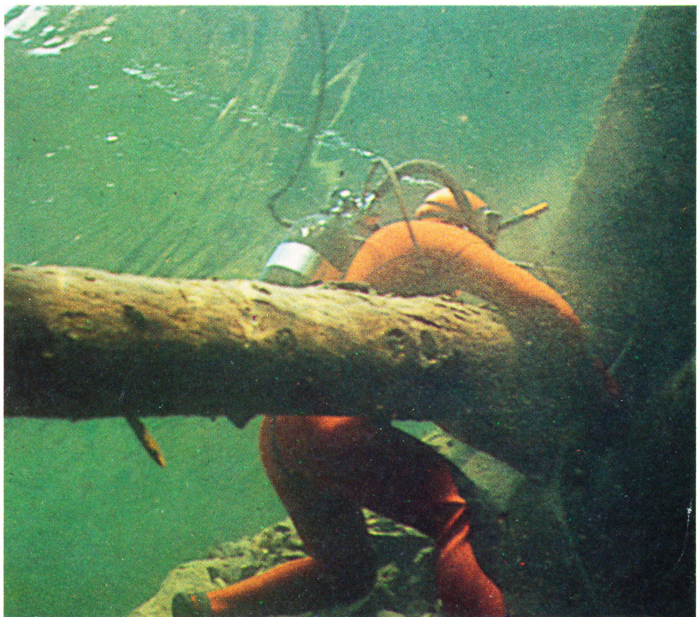
Pieper is a quiet, dark-complexioned man, with a slight German accent, who recalls the body search as his "most scary" dive, topping even the day spent in an underwater cage alongside an Australian meatpacking plant with a swarm of sharks.

"There I was with my one little tank and my wet suit," he smiles. "It was my first ice dive and it was very cold and dark and the water was filthy."

The search for the bodies lasted several days and provided the first occasion on which one of the partners had to rescue the other by sharing an air hose until both could reach the surface.

This led to other local jobs on a part-time basis until, quitting the mine and pooling their amateur wet suits and single-tank breathing apparatus, the two set out to create Arctic Divers. Carpentry jobs kept them eating until the first diving contracts trickled in.

SALVAGE. Arctic Divers reached Duncan Lake, in the southern Mackenzie, by winter road to take out a dam at Duncan Lake spillway. (below)



Many of these were from mining companies for salvage of equipment lost through the treacherous Spring or Fall ice of the northern lakes. The experience in recovering scoop trams and water buckets dropped from forest-fire fighting helicopters, led to their first big independent venture, the attempted salvage of more than $20,000 worth of silver concentrate from a truck on the bottom of Hottah Lake.

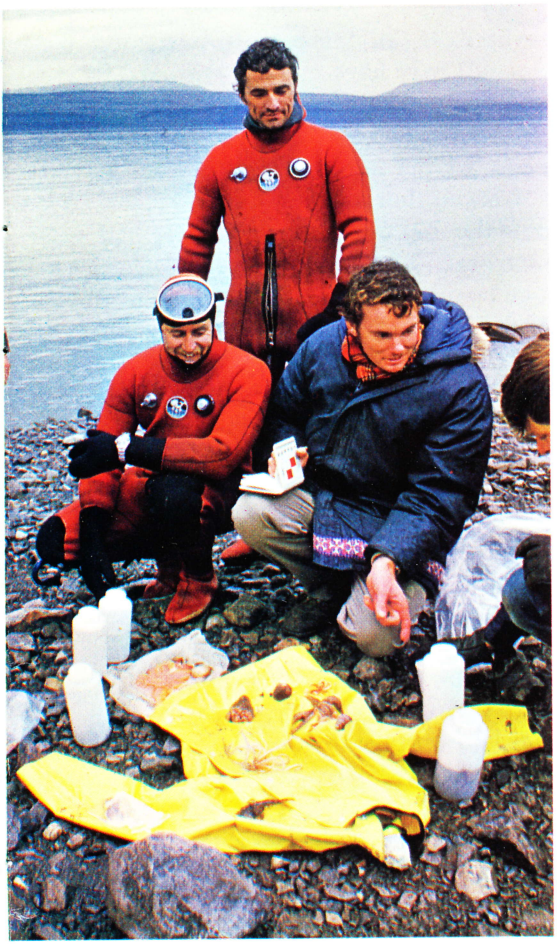
In the summer of 1972, they flew into the lake 250 miles north of Yellowknife with diving equipment, camping gear and an old outboard motor salvaged from an earlier dive.

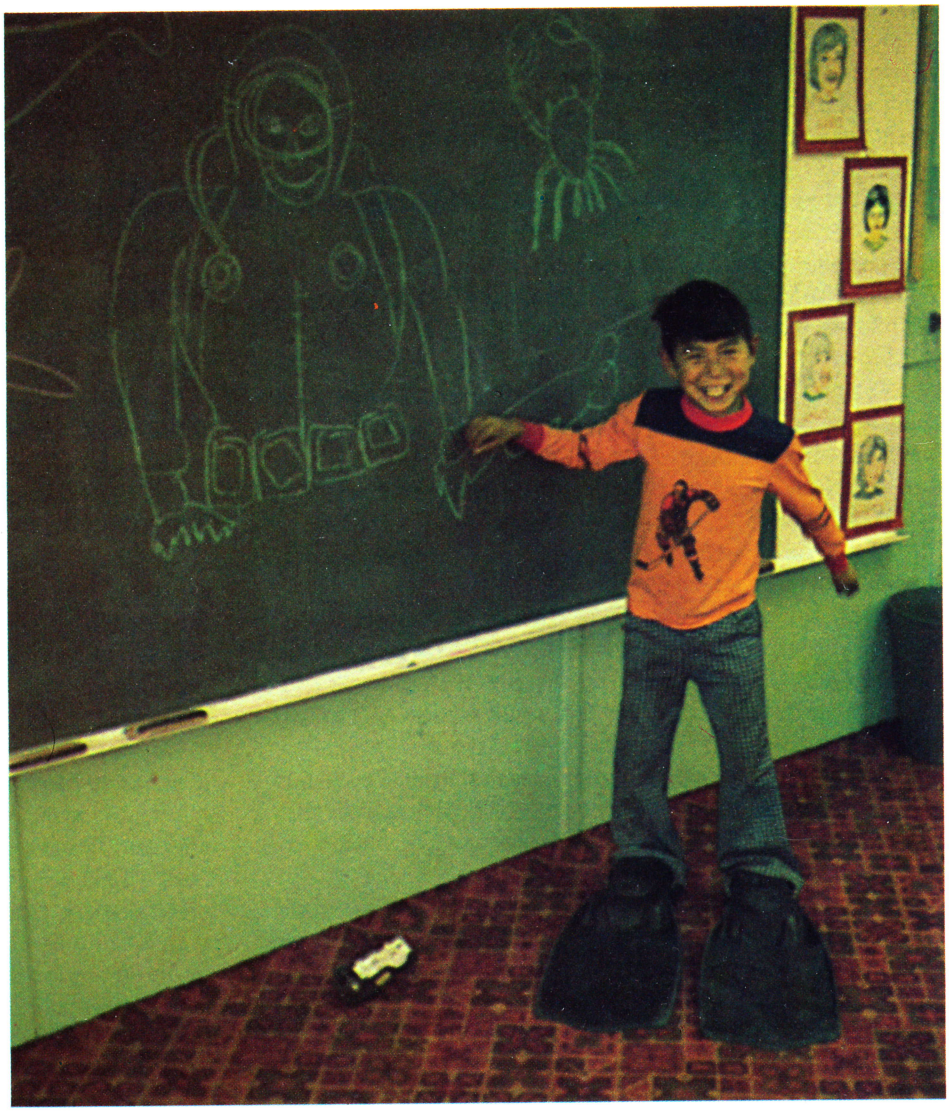
A raft was built from timber on the island where they camped. The wheezing outboard was attached and Gzowski clambered aboard an underwater sled being towed behind the makeshift boat.

For days on end, they worked their way back and forth across the cold, murky lake, able to stay under water for only 15 or 20 minutes at a time because of their primitive equipment.

"Then all of a sudden I saw this truck looming up at me about 90 feet away," Gzowski remembers. "It went zooming by and I thought I was on the Spadina Freeway."

Unable to slow the raft down to manageable speed, it took three passes before he could grab on to an outside mirror support and attach himself to the truck to mark its position.





SHOW AND TELL. Pieper (standing) and Gzowski enjoy explaining their work. At right, a Coral Harbour student responds.

Ripping open the roof of the truck, they found the pallets on which the sacks of ore had been loaded were rotted, making them impossible to hoist by the winch they fashioned aboard their raft. Also, most of the ore sacks had split, spilling the pulverized "jig" into the truck.

They returned to that job in 1973-74 using a diesel-powered suction pump to scoop up about five tons of the ore, worth $7,000.

"It just about covered our expenses," Gzowski says, as he and Pieper make preparations to return this winter for the estimated $20,000 in "jig" still submerged.

If the murky bottom of Hottah Lake seems far removed from rubbing noses with a curious narwhal, it only tends to underline Gzowski's emphatic statement:

"We're working divers. We're bread and butter divers. We've got more than $40,000 tied up in boats, trucks, compressors, unisuits, regulators, fins, masks, cages, lifting devices, tents, camping gear, you name it.

"But, we're still tearing around trying to find a cheque to put food in the house."

Part of the problem is one they share with a lot of other Northern businessmen—the fact they're headquartered in the North.

"We've got more Northern diving experience than anyone," Gzowski says. "But who in the hell back south has ever heard of Arctic Divers. There still are a lot of jobs bypassing us."

Another obstacle is the publicity which has surrounded the work of Toronto marine biologist Dr. Joe MacInnis, eclipsing the Arctic Divers' accomplishments.

Gzowski and Pieper accepted an invitation to join Dr. MacInnis and spend some time diving with him at the Resolute Bay location of his underwater plastic dome. In return, they kept him informed of their progress in plans to film the narwhal.

"So we went ahead," says Gzowski, "and prepared a proposal and got a pledge of $10,000 from the Canada Council provided we could raise the other $25,000 elsewhere."

They made an informal arrangement to hire Canada's top underwater cameraman for an expedition to the Navy Board Inlet area of northern Baffin Island during the August migration run of the narwhal.

"Then the photographer called us," Gzowski said. "He was nice about it and terribly apologetic. But he said he'd had a call from Joe and, having been with him almost from the start, felt he had to join him for the summer in the north Baffin Island area. Filming narwhals."

Other plans now absorb Gzowski and Pieper, including

underwater filming of the walrus.

"Nobody has really gone and swam with the walrus," says Gzowski. "But, I think we'll use an underwater cage for this. They apparently don't like the color red (and our suits are bright orange) and the Eskimos have told us that they'll even attack polar bears in the water."

Arctic diving holidays with Gzowski and Pieper are being offered for next summer at Glenn Warner's poshly isolated lodge on the shores of Bathurst Inlet. All inclusive price from Yellowknife is advertised at $1,600.

The two also are looking at the possibility of opening a combined school-cum-diving equipment shop on their three acres of property surrounding Gzowski's Great Slave Lake-shore home. Yet their fondest ambition is the discovery of the HMS Victory, abandoned by Capt. (later Sir) John Ross on the east coast of Boothia Peninsula in 1832 after an unsuccessful hunt for the Northwest Passage.

"If I had only one job left, that'd be it," Gzowski muses as Pieper nods agreement.

Their first stab at finding the Victory in August, 1974 in Victory Harbour north of Spence Bay yielded a vital clue to the presence of the famed Arctic explorer.

"We were down at about 80 feet when we saw this unusual lump on the bottom," Gzowski said.

Taken ashore and cleaned, the "unusual lump" turned out to be a brownish, ceramic inkpot about five inches high with a flanged top which probably had been plugged with a cork stopper.

Their elation at the discovery was short lived. That night a freak combination of winds, pack ice and high tides washed out to sea all their equipment, stored above the previous high water mark. With it went the inkpot.

Now Pieper, who has spent much of his free time studying the journals and diaries of the Ross expedition, thinks he may have discovered an historical error concerning the exact location of Ross's sailing ship with its auxiliary paddle-wheel steam propulsion.

"There are actually two bays up there with very similar names and I think maybe Ross (Sir James Ross, navigator under his uncle's command) may have made a mistake."

And Gzowski offers further evidence of Ross's presence in the area.

"A couple of years ago, we ran into a very old carver at Spence Bay," he says. "It seems that when his father was just a boy he journeyed out to the ship with a man whose leg had been torn off by a polar bear.

"There was a doctor on board the ship and they apparently made a wooden leg for the injured Eskimo—in exchange for one of the Eskimo women."

In order to clearly separate their commercial and research activities, Gzowski and Pieper with other enthusiasts have established a non-profit entity under N.W.T. ordinance, which is permitted to accept tax-free donations under Federal license.

The Sir Casimir Gzowski Foundation for Arctic Research is named after the friend of Sir John A. MacDonald and builder of the Niagara Falls International Bridge and Grand Trunk Railway, who lived from 1813 to 1898. He was the first president of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, and great-great grandfather of Wayne (and Peter) Gzowski.

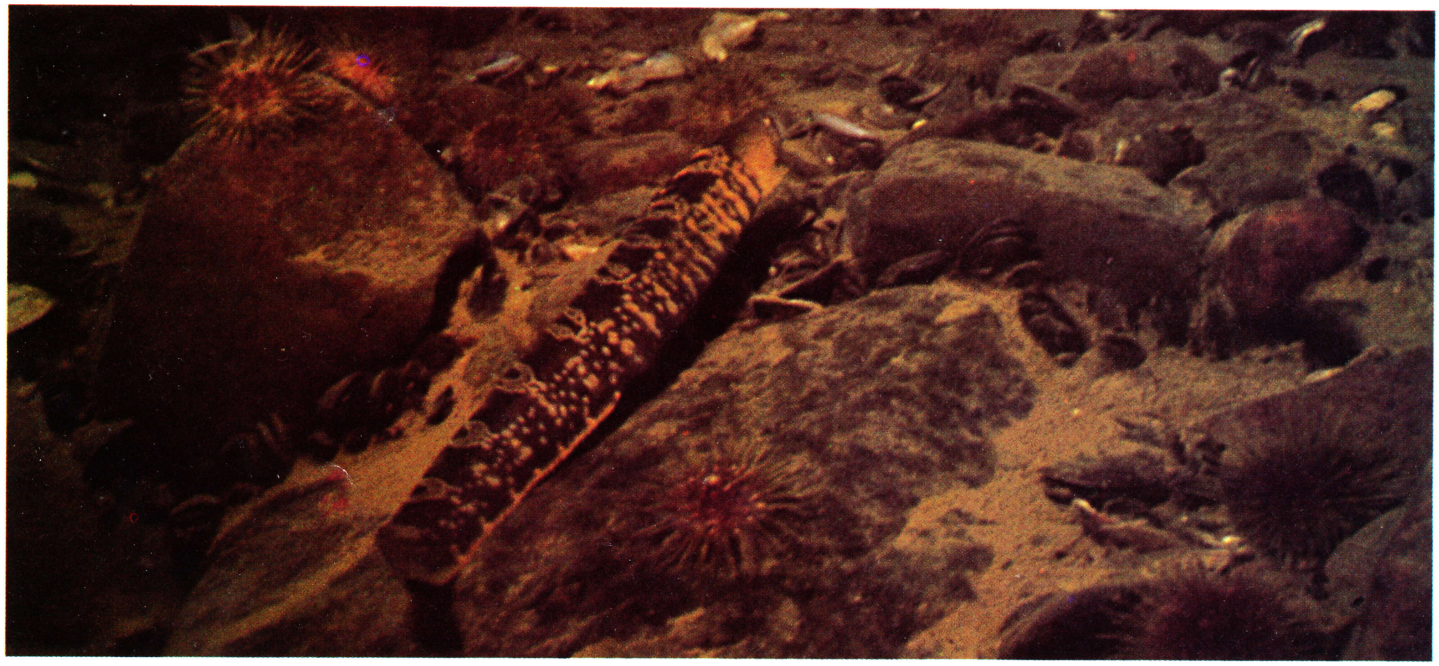
Gzowski hopes establishment of the foundation will make it easier to raise funds for pure research projects.

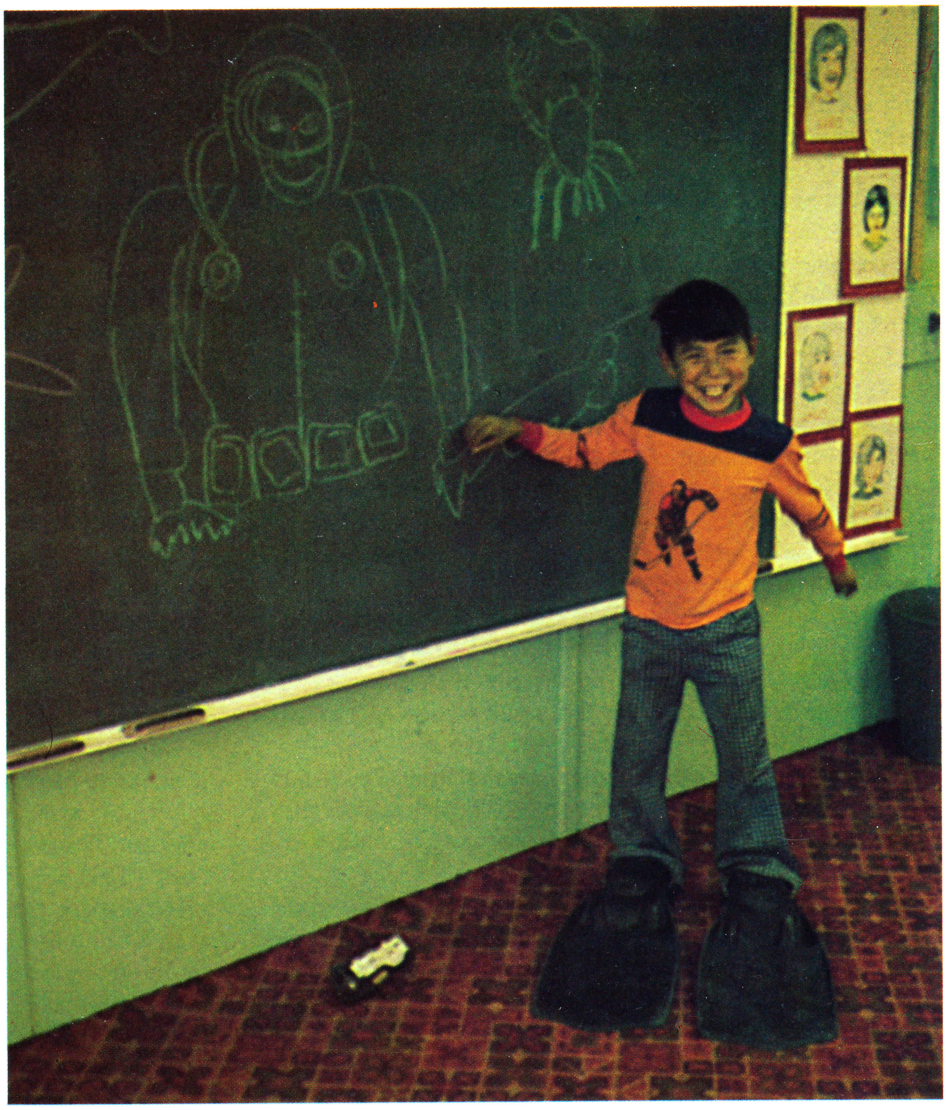
"As it is now, people tend to look at our research projects and say, 'Here's two commercial divers just out to make a buck.' This way, perhaps we'll be able to divorce our commercial work from the other projects."

In addition to filming of the narwhal, walrus and the continuing hunt for the HMS Victory, these projects may include an underwater study of the Fort Factory anchorage for Hudson's Bay Co. ships and exploration of waterways used by early explorers.

"All you have to do is follow in the footsteps of Mackenzie, Ross, Franklin or any of them," says Gzowski. "There's historical material everywhere they went."

BATHURST INLET sea bottom provides background of life and colour for a passing gunnel fish.





SHOW AND TELL. Pieper (standing) and Gzowski enjoy explaining their work. At right, a Coral Harbour student responds.

Ripping open the roof of the truck, they found the pallets on which the sacks of ore had been loaded were rotted, making them impossible to hoist by the winch they fashioned aboard their raft. Also, most of the ore sacks had split, spilling the pulverized "jig" into the truck.

They returned to that job in 1973-74 using a diesel-powered suction pump to scoop up about five tons of the ore, worth $7,000.

"It just about covered our expenses," Gzowski says, as he and Pieper make preparations to return this winter for the estimated $20,000 in "jig" still submerged.

If the murky bottom of Hottah Lake seems far removed from rubbing noses with a curious narwhal, it only tends to underline Gzowski's emphatic statement:

"We're working divers. We're bread and butter divers. We've got more than $40,000 tied up in boats, trucks, compressors, unisuits, regulators, fins, masks, cages, lifting devices, tents, camping gear, you name it.

"But, we're still tearing around trying to find a cheque to put food in the house."

Part of the problem is one they share with a lot of other Northern businessmen—the fact they're headquartered in the North.

"We've got more Northern diving experience than anyone," Gzowski says. "But who in the hell back south has ever heard of Arctic Divers. There still are a lot of jobs bypassing us."

Another obstacle is the publicity which has surrounded the work of Toronto marine biologist Dr. Joe MacInnis, eclipsing the Arctic Divers' accomplishments.

Gzowski and Pieper accepted an invitation to join Dr. MacInnis and spend some time diving with him at the Resolute Bay location of his underwater plastic dome. In return, they kept him informed of their progress in plans to film the narwhal.

"So we went ahead," says Gzowski, "and prepared a proposal and got a pledge of $10,000 from the Canada Council provided we could raise the other $25,000 elsewhere."

They made an informal arrangement to hire Canada's top underwater cameraman for an expedition to the Navy Board Inlet area of northern Baffin Island during the August migration run of the narwhal.

"Then the photographer called us," Gzowski said. "He was nice about it and terribly apologetic. But he said he'd had a call from Joe and, having been with him almost from the start, felt he had to join him for the summer in the north Baffin Island area. Filming narwhals."

Other plans now absorb Gzowski and Pieper, including

underwater filming of the walrus.

"Nobody has really gone and swam with the walrus," says Gzowski. "But, I think we'll use an underwater cage for this. They apparently don't like the color red (and our suits are bright orange) and the Eskimos have told us that they'll even attack polar bears in the water."

Arctic diving holidays with Gzowski and Pieper are being offered for next summer at Glenn Warner's poshly isolated lodge on the shores of Bathurst Inlet. All inclusive price from Yellowknife is advertised at $1,600.

The two also are looking at the possibility of opening a combined school-cum-diving equipment shop on their three acres of property surrounding Gzowski's Great Slave Lake-shore home. Yet their fondest ambition is the discovery of the HMS Victory, abandoned by Capt. (later Sir) John Ross on the east coast of Boothia Peninsula in 1832 after an unsuccessful hunt for the Northwest Passage.

"If I had only one job left, that'd be it," Gzowski muses as Pieper nods agreement.

Their first stab at finding the Victory in August, 1974 in Victory Harbour north of Spence Bay yielded a vital clue to the presence of the famed Arctic explorer.

"We were down at about 80 feet when we saw this unusual lump on the bottom," Gzowski said.

Taken ashore and cleaned, the "unusual lump" turned out to be a brownish, ceramic inkpot about five inches high with a flanged top which probably had been plugged with a cork stopper.

Their elation at the discovery was short lived. That night a freak combination of winds, pack ice and high tides washed out to sea all their equipment, stored above the previous high water mark. With it went the inkpot.

Now Pieper, who has spent much of his free time studying the journals and diaries of the Ross expedition, thinks he may have discovered an historical error concerning the exact location of Ross's sailing ship with its auxiliary paddle-wheel steam propulsion.

"There are actually two bays up there with very similar names and I think maybe Ross (Sir James Ross, navigator under his uncle's command) may have made a mistake."

And Gzowski offers further evidence of Ross's presence in the area.

"A couple of years ago, we ran into a very old carver at Spence Bay," he says. "It seems that when his father was just a boy he journeyed out to the ship with a man whose leg had been torn off by a polar bear.

"There was a doctor on board the ship and they apparently made a wooden leg for the injured Eskimo—in exchange for one of the Eskimo women."

In order to clearly separate their commercial and research activities, Gzowski and Pieper with other enthusiasts have established a non-profit entity under N.W.T. ordinance, which is permitted to accept tax-free donations under Federal license.

The Sir Casimir Gzowski Foundation for Arctic Research is named after the friend of Sir John A. MacDonald and builder of the Niagara Falls International Bridge and Grand Trunk Railway, who lived from 1813 to 1898. He was the first president of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, and great-great grandfather of Wayne (and Peter) Gzowski.

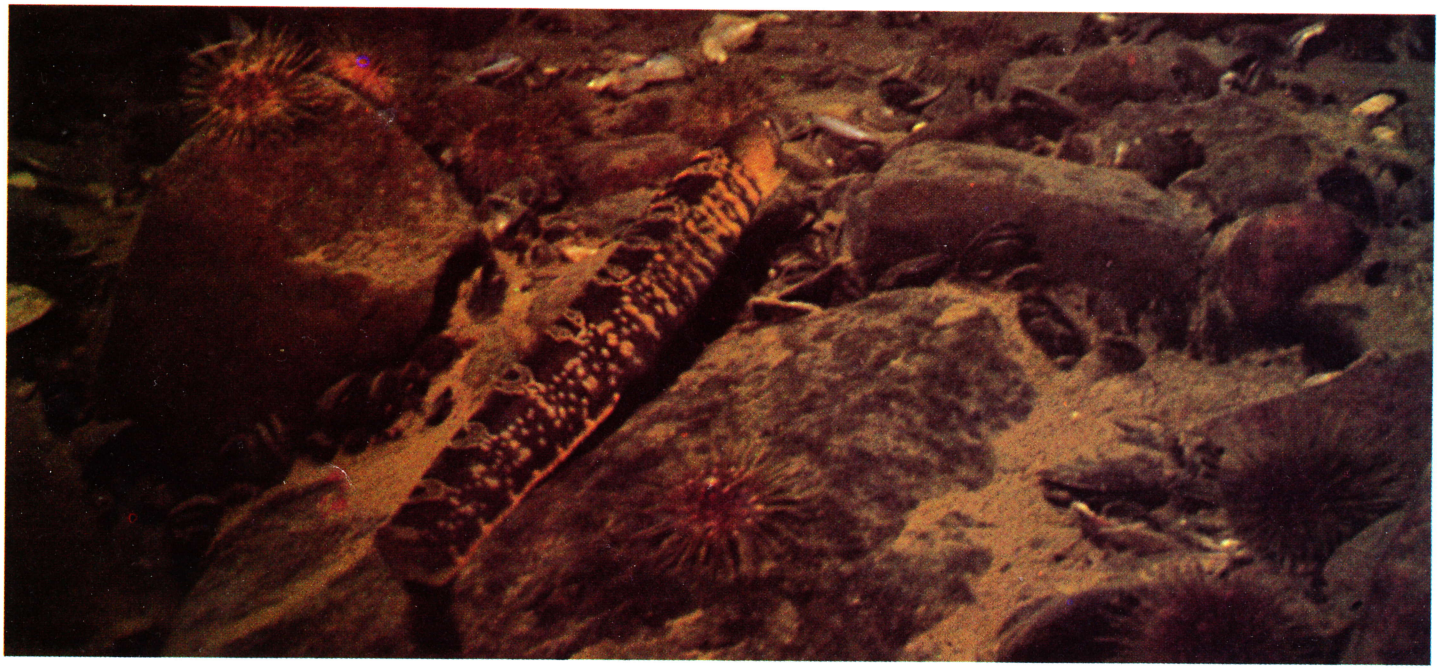
Gzowski hopes establishment of the foundation will make it easier to raise funds for pure research projects.

"As it is now, people tend to look at our research projects and say, 'Here's two commercial divers just out to make a buck.' This way, perhaps we'll be able to divorce our commercial work from the other projects."

In addition to filming of the narwhal, walrus and the continuing hunt for the HMS Victory, these projects may include an underwater study of the Fort Factory anchorage for Hudson's Bay Co. ships and exploration of waterways used by early explorers.

"All you have to do is follow in the footsteps of Mackenzie, Ross, Franklin or any of them," says Gzowski. "There's historical material everywhere they went."

BATHURST INLET sea bottom provides background of life and colour for a passing gunnel fish.



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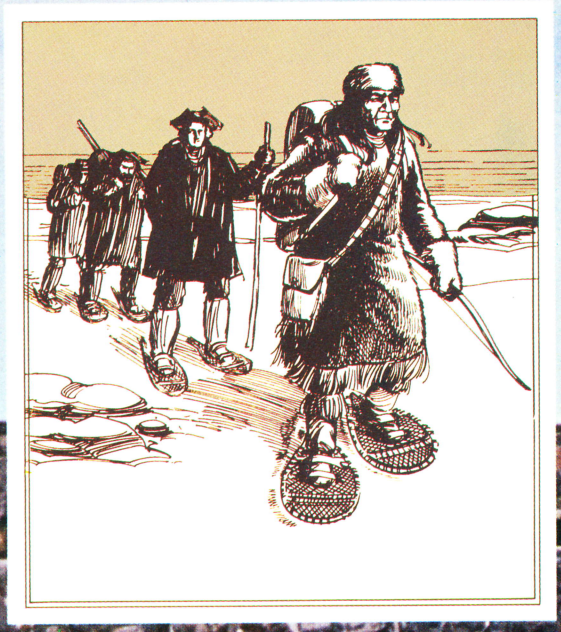
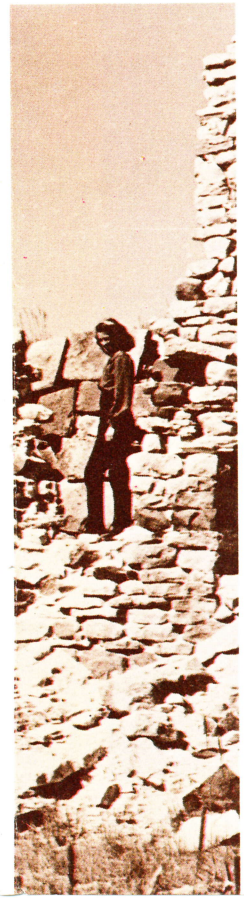
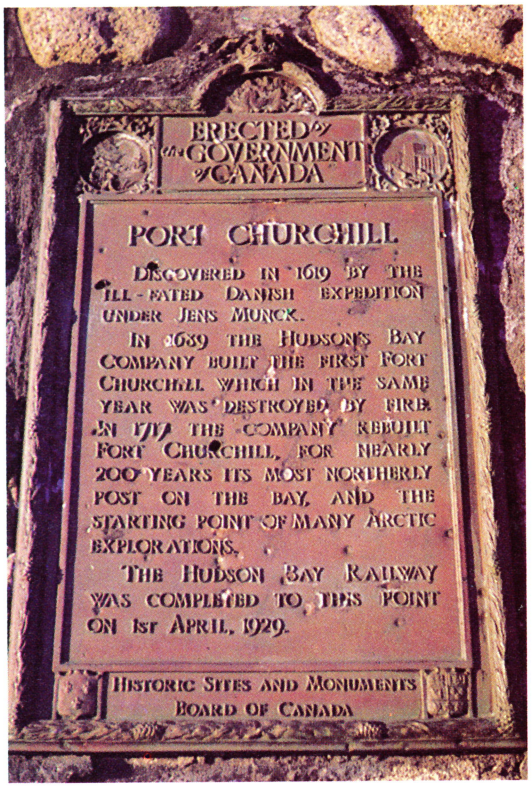
HIGH AND DRY. The tipi frame rack is an age-old Great Slave Lake area method of drying meat, safe from dogs and open to sun and air.



FORTRESS OF THE GIANT WALKERS

by Steve Hume





On the mild morning of June 30, 1772, Prince of Wales Fort was alive with excitement and curiosity, for it was about to bear witness to the achievement of the man who would give it the only moment of glory it would ever know and who would preside over its ultimate disgrace.

Samuel Hearne, after an absence of 18 months and 23 days, was returning at last from the unknown heart of an unexplored continent. His arrival at the main gate marked the completion of perhaps the greatest feat of endurance and personal courage in Canada's history.

Since beginning his quest into the unknown with a pair of aborted missions two years and seven months before, Hearne had trekked more than 5,000 miles through the most forbidding terrain, ignoring the tribulations of vicious winters and the 24-hour blaze of Arctic summer.

Using only the crude instruments of his day, he traversed a 250,000 square mile blank spot in the rudimentary maps of North America. He endured starvation, sickness, pestilential insects and loneliness; he survived treachery among his native companions and bloody inter-tribal warfare.

In the eyes of his immediate superiors within the Hudson's Bay Company, he was something of a failure and certainly a disappointment. He went into the ledgers in red ink only. He brought back nothing of immediate value — no gold, no pearls, no way to the fabulous riches of China, no news of places where the fur trading empire might be expanded.

Hearne would have been amazed to see his journey charted on a modern map, for it shows that he passed only a short distance from mineral deposits that would have boggled the minds of his grasping officers.

The huge lead-zinc deposit at Pine Point, the gold fields of Yellowknife, the silver and copper mines of Great Bear Lake — all these were within an easy walk of his track across the wilderness of the Northwest Territories.

But none of that would come for more than a century. That he found nothing of commercial value was a temporary embarrassment, for Samuel Hearne brought with him a commodity priceless beyond any clerk's imagination. He brought home meticulously detailed knowledge of the vast inland country to the west of Hudson Bay; he described its people and their customs, its geographical features, its climate, its flora and fauna. And he was the first European to gaze upon the Arctic Ocean where it washed against the central coast of polar North America.

Who was this unusual man who at the age of 24 had walked across a wild continent and back for the sake of the entries scrawled in a few battered journals?

Hearne was born in England in 1745 and spent his early childhood in the midst of the vigorous hurly-burly that was the port of London at mid-century.

It was an exciting place, and must have seemed even more so to a child too young to understand that London had become the nexus of tremendous events and turbulent social change. The industrial revolution was in its infancy; the trading empire of the British merchants was at the height of its expansion; there were new worlds in the East and the far West to challenge the spirit and stretch the imagination. It was the Age of Reason, and never before had the philosophers, scientists and explorers been so honored by society.

It was also an age of wars and rumours of wars. There was

BREAK UP. Ice floats near Churchill in July. Below, a child peers from ice pancakes beached by the tides of Hudson Bay.

civil war at home, the French and Indian wars were raging in the colonies of North America, and there was war between England and France.

In the year that Hearne was born the British colonists in New England were to seize the great French fortress of Louisbourg in what is now Nova Scotia. And in the following year the cannon and musketry of the British Army was to put down insurrection at home, smashing the clans of Highland society on a sodden field at Culloden.

The period was one of great adventures. While the soldiers of two mighty powers battled for control of the New World, explorers were continually pushing outward into new country, bringing back tales of strange customs and peoples.

Small wonder, then, that Hearne's mother failed so miserably in her attempt to mould the boy into the image of a country gentleman. She moved to Dorset with the boy when her husband died, but he rebelled against his schooling and would have none of a business career either.

When he turned 11 he got the chance to seek the adventures he longed for. He took the King's shilling, signed up as a midshipman with the Royal Navy, and sailed in the flagship of Captain Hood.

Before the year was out he experienced battle with the hated French on the high seas, and shared in the prize money that came with victory.

It was a natural decision, with his naval background, to pursue a career at sea when he mustered out, and that career brought him to the New World in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Sailing as a mate on one of the company's ships, he was 21 when he was posted to Fort Prince of Wales and in 1767 he carved his name into the rock, where it remains to this day.

The same summer, Hearne sailed northward as mate of the 60-ton sloop Churchill on a whaling expedition in the vicinity of Marble Island. It was here that he was involved in the discovery of the remnants of an earlier expedition which had been missing for almost half a century.

James Knight had sailed into the area 47 years before in search of a way to fabulous copper and gold mines mentioned in Indian tales and legends. He found only an icy grave in a bleak and forbidding country.

Hearne was present when ancient Eskimo observers related how the survivors of the expedition perished one by one on the island. Perhaps it was at this time he recognized that for a European to survive the harsh rigors of an Arctic winter on the land he would have to adapt himself completely to the native way of life. He seems to have set about learning the skills of survival in the bush, in any event, for when he was chosen to lead his own expedition two years later he was already known for his endurance, hunting ability and ingenuity.

Renewed interest in the mines sought by Knight in 1720 was triggered almost half a century later, in the same year his ill-fated expedition was found, by reports from Indians returning from the interior. They told of mines far to the northwest where copper could be picked up from the ground.

Two years later, in 1769, Moses Norton, the Metis factor of Fort Prince of Wales, commissioned Hearne to lead an overland expedition in search of the mines.

Considering Norton's reputation it is little wonder that Hearne was quick to jump at the opportunity to spend some time away from the fort and its garrison. Norton, he later reported in his journals, was a vicious, licentious man who set more value on one of his dogs than on his first officer. He kept himself a harem of pretty young girls and carried a box of poison which he adminstered to anyone who refused him their wives or daughters.

Hearne's first attempts to strike out overland for the Copper River of the Indian legends were marred by failure and misunderstanding.

The first expedition was aborted when Hearne and two companions were abandoned in the barrenlands by the Indians who had agreed to accompany the Europeans. The second failed when his quadrant, a navigational instrument, was accidentally broken, and when it became evident that the Indian who had promised to guide him to the fabulous river had not the faintest idea where it was or where he was going.

But these failures were important. They exposed Hearne to the differences in cultures and customs, they drove home the fact that he would have to travel without other Europeans, and the second brought him into contact with the man who was to make his expedition successful.

Matonabbee, at 33, was a trusted servant of the Hudson's Bay Company and had already achieved stature as a statesman among the Indian nations. It was he, for example, who brought an end to generations of warfare between the Northern Indians and the Athabascans through some Kissinger-like shuttle diplomacy that almost cost his skin on several occasions.

He first met Hearne while the disheartened explorer was trudging back to Fort Prince of Wales to report his second disaster.

The two men hit it off immediately and agreed that if the expedition to the Copper River could be successfully undertaken, they were the ones to do it.

While Hearne got ready for another attempt, Matonabbee rounded up the men and women he would need for the expedition. Women were essential, he explained to the Englishman, because they would have to live off the land as they travelled and no hunter could keep camp and obtain game at the same time.

They set out on December 7th, 1770, heading not to the North, but to the west, for it was Matonabbee's strategy to stay in the shelter of the treeline until the mild weather of late

PORT OF CHURCHILL. Freighter traffic now plies the waters sailed by Hearne when summer brings technicolour to the tundra.

BLODY FALLS, where Hearne witnessed a massacre. Below, Fort reconstruction work by Parks Canada. Walls were 37 to 42 feet thick.

spring and summer made a dash across the barrens more feasible.

So they marched westward, each step of the journey logged meticulously in Hearne's journals, and when the winter broke they turned North near Great Slave Lake and pushed through to the Arctic Ocean.

It was as they were descending what is now the Coppermine River that Hearne experienced for the first time the brutal hostility of Indian toward Eskimo.

At a place called Bloody Falls, the Indians in his expedition spotted a band of Eskimos camped at a summer fishing ground. They quickly planned an ambush, and while Hearne watched in horror, massacred any men, women or children they could lay their hands on.

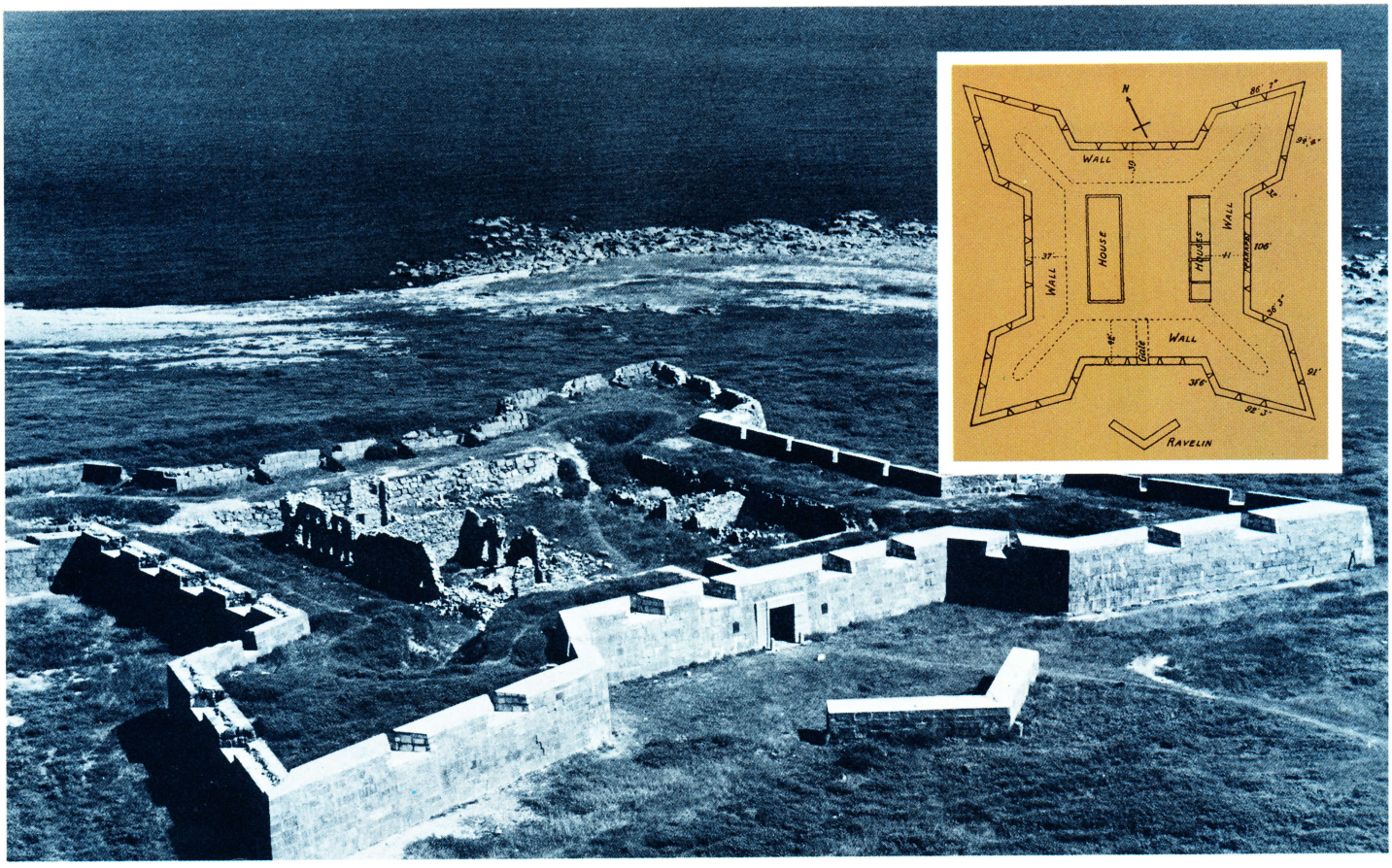
One girl of about 18, stabbed in the side by a spear, fell at his feet and grasped his legs, but as Hearne pleaded for her life two men impaled her and left her pinned to the ground and "twining around their spears like an eel."

Later the blood-thirsty band captured an old woman who was so nearly blind she was unable to recognize her enemies. She was tortured, her eyes were poked out and she was stabbed in the arms and legs before she was killed.

The horror was made worse by the matter of fact way in which the Indians put the massacre out of their minds. When the slaughter was done they sat down for a meal of fresh Arctic char, and Hearne, ever the pragmatist, joined them.

Then, by the light of the midnight sun, Hearne travelled the final eight miles to the Arctic Ocean and became the first white man to see it from the centre of the continent.

The copper mines, examined on the return journey, proved worthless, but the detailed accounts in Hearne's journals



were to be worth more than their weight in gold. Anthropologists, historians, geographers, naturalists and biologists still mine his works for information.

On his return to Fort Prince of Wales, Hearne became mate of a company brigantine, and two years later travelled inland to what is now Saskatchewan to establish Cumberland House.

In 1776, with the revolutionary war raging in the colonies, he was recalled to take command of Prince of Wales Fort. He was still there six years later when the great fortress fell to the French it had waited 50 years to fight.

Fort Prince of Wales was supposed to be impregnable. Begun in 1732 as the guardian fortress of the British fur trade into Hudson Bay, it was an enormous square stronghold with four huge bastions and stone walls 20 feet high and 40 feet thick.

It fell, in the end, without a shot being fired.

With only 39 men to defend the monstrous structure, Hearne the explorer quietly surrendered to another explorer, Jean Francois de Galaup, Comte de La Perouse, who had sailed into Hudson Bay with three men of war and a scurvy-ridden complement of several hundred men.

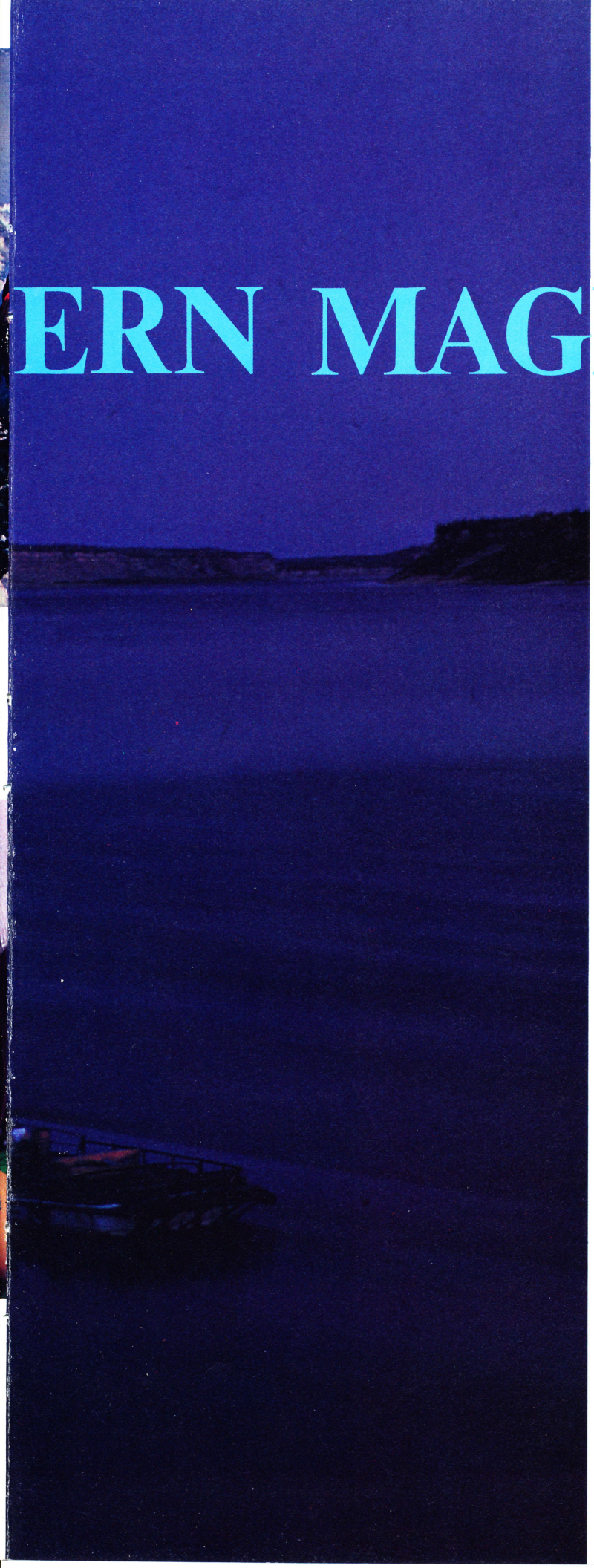
La Perouse spiked the guns, breached the walls of the fort, and sailed back to Europe with Hearne as his prisoner. Scholarship prevailed, and Hearne was set free on the promise that he would ensure the prompt publication of his journals.

For Matonabbee, who had been away in the interior, the fall of Fort Prince of Wales and the capture of his friend was unendurable. In the winter of 1783 he committed suicide.

Hearne returned briefly to Churchill in the fur trade, but ill health forced him to return to England in 1787 and he spent his last years revising his journals. He died in 1792.

La Perouse vanished at sea after sailing from Botany Bay, Australia on an exploratory expedition in 1788. His fate was a mystery until the wreckage of his ships was found on an island in the New Hebrides in 1826.

SILENT CANNON, never fired, overlook passing polar bear from above stone incribed by Hearne.



ERN MAGIC SHOW

Ted Wesley is showing Canadians the magic of their land with a finesse which brings tears to their eyes. His method is a 45 minute audio visual presentation called "Straight North."

The mechanics of his portable show make a polished vehicle for his message: continuous full stereo sound and precisely timed projection of pictures which pulsate like the Northern Lights by means of an automated dissolve unit.

But the magic of its appeal is not mechanics. It's the artistry of songwriters Bob Ruszika and Wilf Bean, the vocals of folk singer Wesley backed by rhythm arrangements of The Northwest Rhythm Company and visually, the genius of photographer-priest Fr. René Fumoleau, O.M.I.

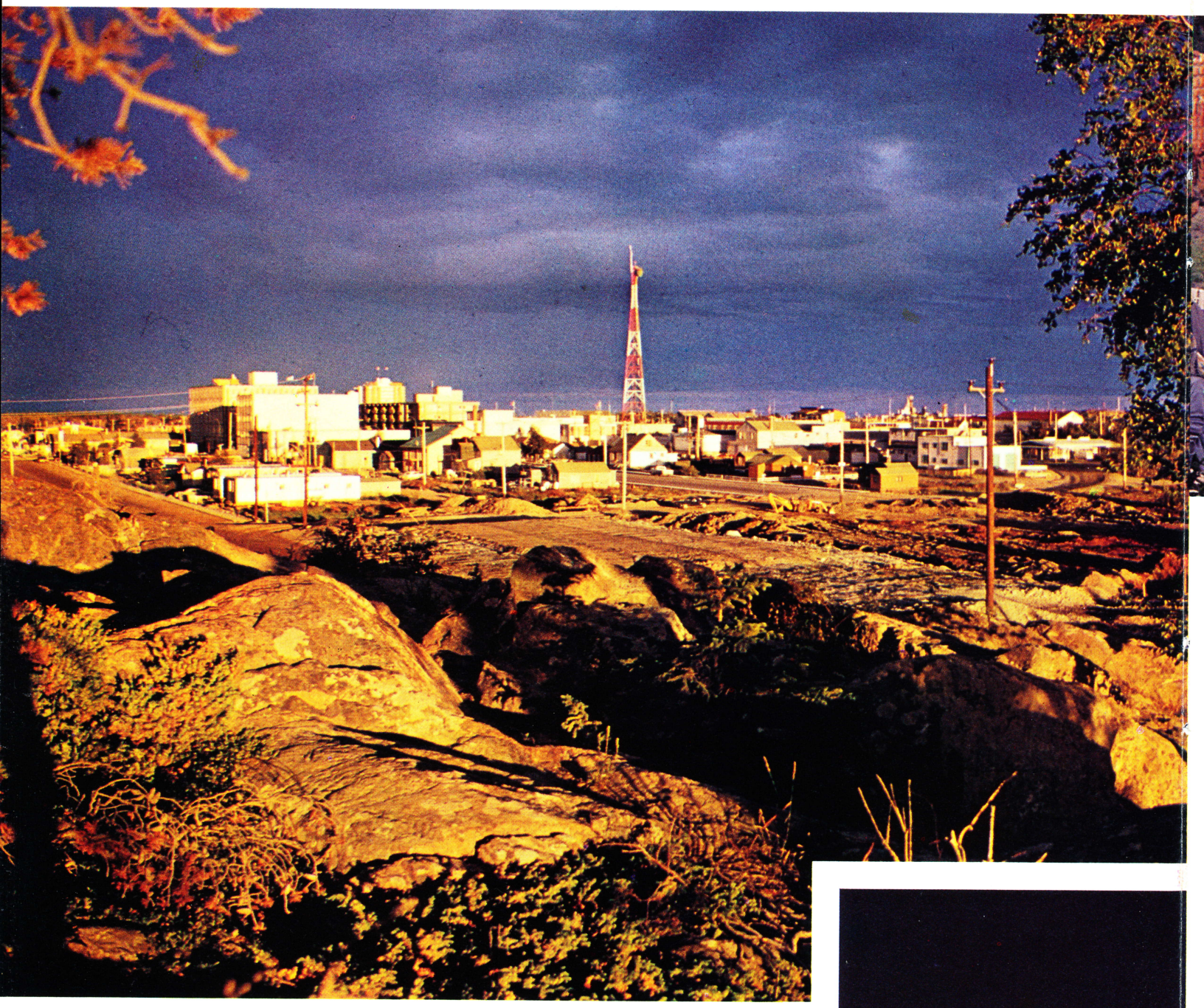
Wesley, 30, after 14 years in the north, lives part of the year in Yellowknife and travels much throughout Canada. Songs from his two LP records "Straight North" and "Blackflies and Mosquitos" are combined with superb colour photography by Fr. Fumoleau in the "Straight North" show. It has been applauded by audiences of a handful, a hundred or a thousand, in Canada, the U.S., and significantly, at home in the Northwest Territories.

Ted was born Wasylkiewicz not Wesley, in Africa at Abercorn, Zambia (Northern Rhodesia) and his Polish refugee parents now are dead. He has been singing since his childhood in Edmonton, leaped to Northern prominence by winning a trans-Territorial CBC Search for Talent in 1967 with a quartet called The Tundra Folk, travelled with them the length of the Mackenzie in the circus atmosphere of the N.W.T. Centennial Barges, and across the Territories by chartered light aircraft on another Centennial entertainment tour.

While he prepares for production of his third LP recording, Wesley goes on collecting songs of the North and makes frequent personal appearances, including recurrent engagements at his home base, The Hoist Room, a small sophisticated Yellowknife lounge.

Songwriter Bob Ruszika, a specialist in children's dentistry and sometime host of his own CBC TV show, began writing Northern songs while a dentist at Inuvik, N.W.T., and continues to add to the Wesley repertoire. Wilf Bean and photographer Fr. Fumoleau are full-time Northerners.

Herewith we present photos and lyrics from Ted Wesley's show which poignantly capture some of the North's grandeur, the winsomeness and the hardihood of its people as they weather the winds of change blowing over their big land.

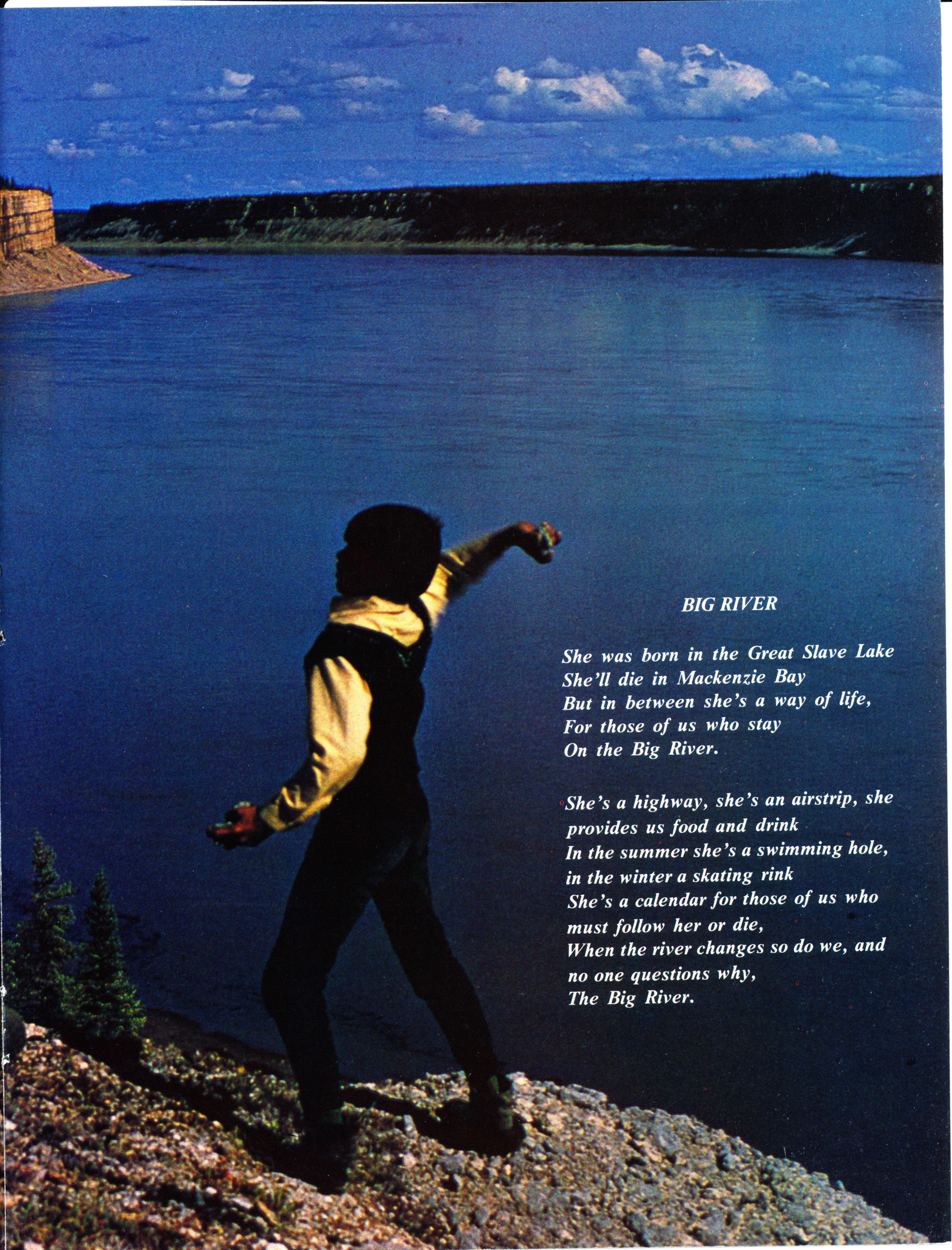


THE GLITTER OF GOLD

The glitter of gold is what built this land
And it brought the prospectors here
They came to the edge of the Great Slave Lake
They looked both far and near.

They brought the gold and the mineral wealth
And they cursed this cold harsh land
But the wind still blew and the temperature dropped
They wondered how much they could stand
They wondered how much they could stand.

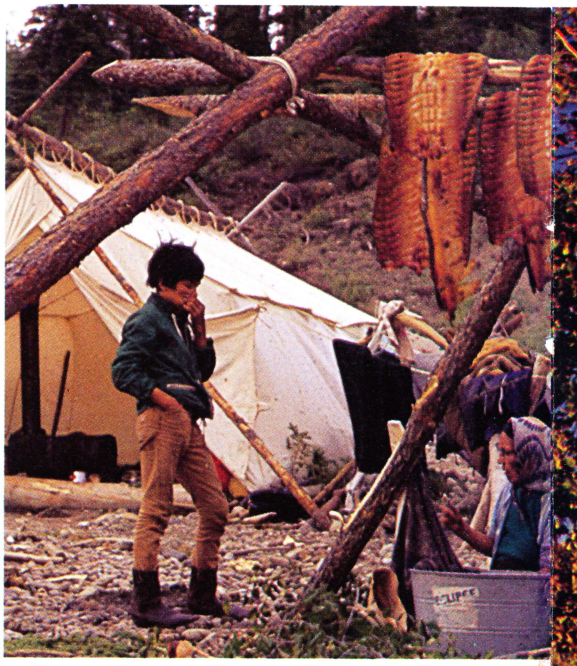
But winter passed and spring came on
And brought the wild geese bands
Flowers bloomed and the lakes thawed out
Released from winters icy hands
Released from winters icy hands.



BIG RIVER

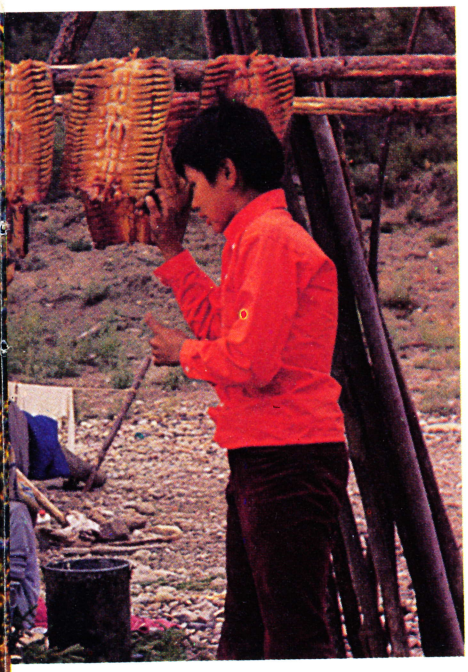
She was born in the Great Slave Lake
She'll die in Mackenzie Bay
But in between she's a way of life,
For those of us who stay
On the Big River.

She's a highway, she's an airstrip, she
provides us food and drink
In the summer she's a swimming hole,
in the winter a skating rink
She's a calendar for those of us who
must follow her or die,
When the river changes so do we, and
no one questions why,
The Big River.



This river is full of undercurrent, it's full of dead head logs
But it's also full of FISH to feed your family and your dogs
The winter finds it clogged with ice and then before your eyes
Summer comes, and barges run, there's fish camp and there's flies
On the Big River.

Break up in the spring time, freeze up in the fall
The North comes to a stand still, nobody moves at all
Their lives revolve around the river, the river makes the rules
She'll help the strong to stay alive, they say she'll kill the fools
The Big River.

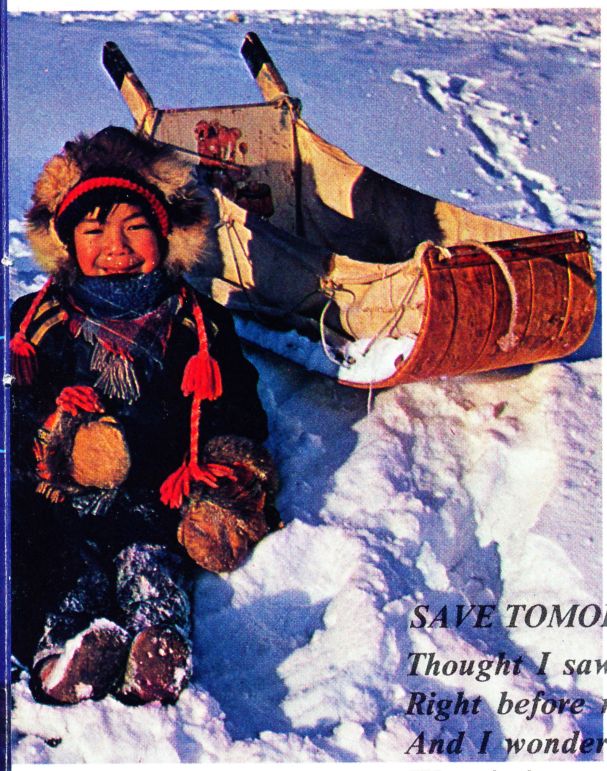


The Mackenzie's more than muddy water, the Mackenzie's more than sand,
It takes more than a lot of water to make the river grand
It takes men and women who scratch for life in the cold unfriendly land,
Her greatness is her people and I'll have you understand
It is they ----- who made this land.

CARIBOU SONG

Through valleys of crystal, across white plains of snow
The sun frozen misty and climbing so slow
Frost on my face, but warmth in my soul
Singing a caribou song.

Whispering in silence the sled moves along
Sculptured in shadows the snow all around
Covers the spirits to whom I belong
Singing a caribou song.

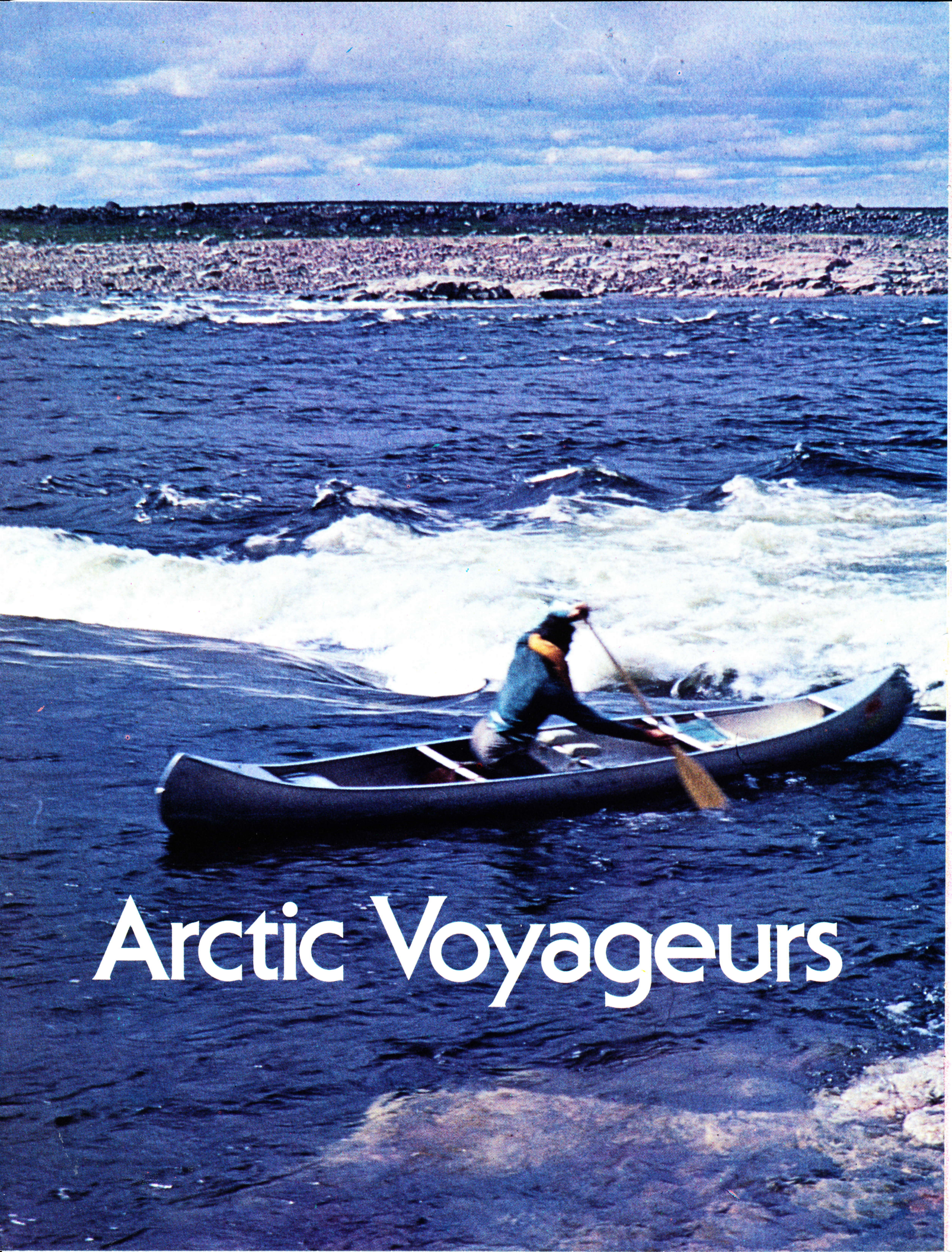


SAVE TOMORROW FOR THE CHILDREN

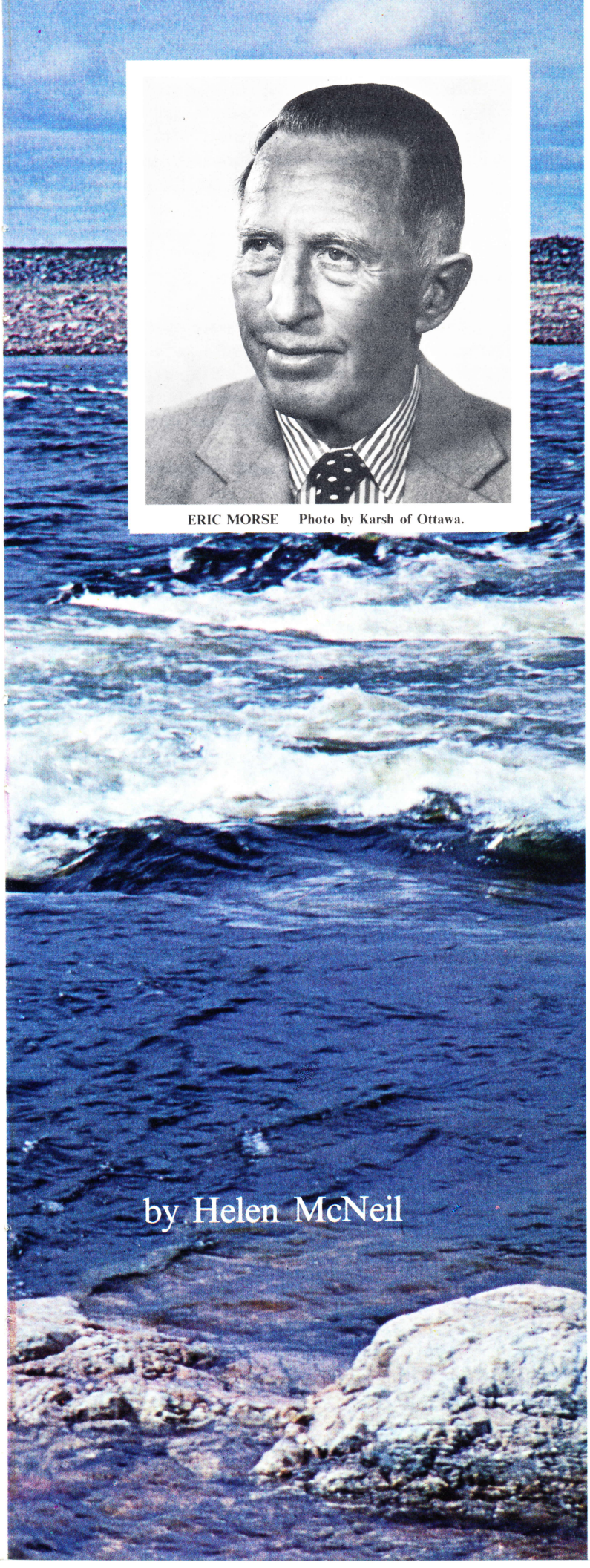
Thought I saw your world a changing
Right before my eyes
And I wonder if maybe progress
Wasn't just a devil in disguise
Found myself asking
Is your gamble worth the prize
And I wondered who'd be listening
When the time came to exercise
A little caution

Will you face the future
Leading with your chin
Or blindly embrace a world
That's quickly closing in?

Why don't you save tomorrow for the children
Show them the magic of your land
Why don't you save tomorrow for the children
Show them the way that they might understand.



Arctic Voyageurs



ERIC MORSE Photo by Karsh of Ottawa.

by Helen McNeil

"What youngster today would not give his front teeth to view the Missouri or the Saskatchewan as the first white men saw them with buffalo herds rolling over the great plains? We shall not see that again, yet there is a fair semblance still to be found in another vast northern prairie where caribou and muskox wander free in a land unscarred by man. This is no never-never land; it is here and now."

Eric Morse, perhaps Canada's foremost wilderness canoeist was in the midst of his 3,000-mile odyssey from Hudson Bay to the Bering Strait, a fresh-water northwest passage, when these words were published in June, 1965. How long they'll remain accurate as the wild remote Barrens of the Northwest Territories are invaded by the petroleum industry remains to be seen. But Morse at least is leaving a record of them as they were when he and his wife Pamela crossed them in the 1960s.

Pamela, a scientist with the Department of Agriculture, is a charming woman whose only luxury in the timeless Barrens is an alarm clock. Her husband, a lean, tanned urbane man who looks much younger than his 71 years, isn't the canoeist of movie fiction; the burly Burt Reynolds of Deliverance, he's five-feet-ten, but he and Pamela sling 100 pound loads on portages when they aren't racing through hair-raising rapids.

This winter, as well as cross-country skiing in the Gatineau Hills near his home north of Ottawa, Morse will be writing a book on 50 years and 60,000 miles of paddling in Canada's wilderness. Pamela meanwhile will be arranging the commissariat of another expedition in the Barrens next July.

Morse, born in the Himalayas, in sight of Mount Everest, turned 71 years old Dec. 27. His canoe trips are spartan — no gun, no primus stove, heavy packs, detailed planning. The trips generally begin in July and last for about three weeks in which, depending on the terrain, 400 miles may be paddled.

The rest of the year he and Pamela live at "Wildwood," overlooking the Gatineau River. Their front yard is dominated by a 17-foot aluminum canoe, which weighs 75 pounds and is described by Morse as practically indestructible. It is built to carry 1,150 pounds. Outside the fence, perhaps with some symbolism is their red Volkswagen and the garage.

Morse did his first canoeing at the age of 12 after his family came to Southern Ontario from India in 1909. He went to exclusive Trinity College School, Port Hope, then took his M.A. in history and political science at Queen's University, Kingston, before attending the School of International Studies in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1935. He returned to Trinity as history master from 1936 to 1942, then joined the Royal Canadian Air Force from which he emerged as a squadron leader in 1945. He became first National Secretary of the United Nations Association in Canada, the National Director of the Association of Canadian Clubs. Meanwhile, his avocation — canoeing — became, as he puts it, a vocation.

The change had its origins at a diplomatic cocktail party in Rockcliffe in 1951 when Morse, Maclean's columnist Blair Fraser, and Omond Solandt, then chairman of the Defence Research Board, challenged three diplomats to get out in the bush and see what Canada was really like.

"What followed was a perfectly harmless week-long trip down the Gatineau Valley," says Morse. "But it was sufficient. All were bitten by the same bug that had seized me so many years before."

SHOOTING RAPIDS. A technique essential to wilderness canoeing is demonstrated on the Kazan River, previous page and above. Below, canoeists face July ice on Kamilukuak Lake (just N. of Dubwant Lake).

His companions since then have included Pierre Trudeau, who paddled the 400-mile Coppermine with Morse in 1966.

"Pierre is an expert canoeist and was by far the most intrepid whitewater man on the Coppermine," Morse recalls.

Intrepid one needs be. Fraser was drowned in 1968 on the Rollway Rapids of the Petawawa River north of Ottawa when his canoe was swept into them.

Arthur Moffatt froze to death in 1955 near the junction of the Dubawnt and Thelon Rivers of the Northwest Territories. Morse chronicles the Moffatt death this way:

"Moffatt in 1955 led a party of young lads by canoe across the Barrens. They kept to no schedule, were overtaken by Arctic autumn, and on September 2 went over a series of waterfalls which they had misassessed as rapids and had failed to scout. Their clothes froze on them; there was not enough firewood; Moffatt, at 36 the old man of the party, died of exposure."

"This," says Morse, "is a relentless land; one gets no second chance."

In a letter to a friend recently, Morse explained his feeling about wilderness canoeing this way:

"Adventure and wilderness are today's 'escape literature' for millions of unadventurous city-dwellers. However, I must say that most of us who take this sort of vacation do not view it as anything particularly heroic.

"Our general interest in this field has usually led us into the literature of early exploration, whose principals were giants and supermen. What *I* have been doing is a sort of Walter Mitty thing, briefly to escape from the unzestful safeness of modern civilized living."

He knew Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the great 20th century Arctic explorer, and likes to quote his reply to a reporter who asked about his adventures: "If I *had* any adventures, I should be embarrassed to tell you!" In Morse's world, accidents don't happen.

He drew great satisfaction from his first trip across the Arctic Barrens in 1962; his party probably was the first to do this as tourists. He finds the Mackenzie too bland and too busy to support the illusion of wilderness any longer.

Another particular thrill was the first complete canoe descent of the Snare and Taltson rivers. "I suppose one should add the magnificent Coppermine, though here we had a few white predecessors."

His early trips in the 1950s retraced the routes of the fur-traders from Montreal to Lake Athabasca. Later came the freshwater Northwest Passage, from Hudson Bay to Alaska on 11 rivers: the Thelon, Hanbury and Lockhart to cross the Barrens; the Snare, Camsell and Great Bear to reach the Mackenzie; the Rat and Bell to surmount the Continental Divide; and finally the Porcupine and Yukon to cross the Yukon and Alaska.

"In general latitude all this lies between 150 miles south and 100 miles north of the Arctic Circle. This belt, not played up in the travel folders as a summer playground, provides the wildest, most scenic and most exciting canoeing to be found anywhere."

"The world's five or six remaining regions of extensive virgin wilderness are distributed roughly one to each continent. North America's is the Barren Lands and the sub-Arctic above the 60th parallel. What sets this pristine area apart

PLANNING PAYS. The 17-foot aluminum canoes used by the Morses has a 1,150 lb. capacity. Below, carefully chosen light gear in place at a campsite on the Coppermine.

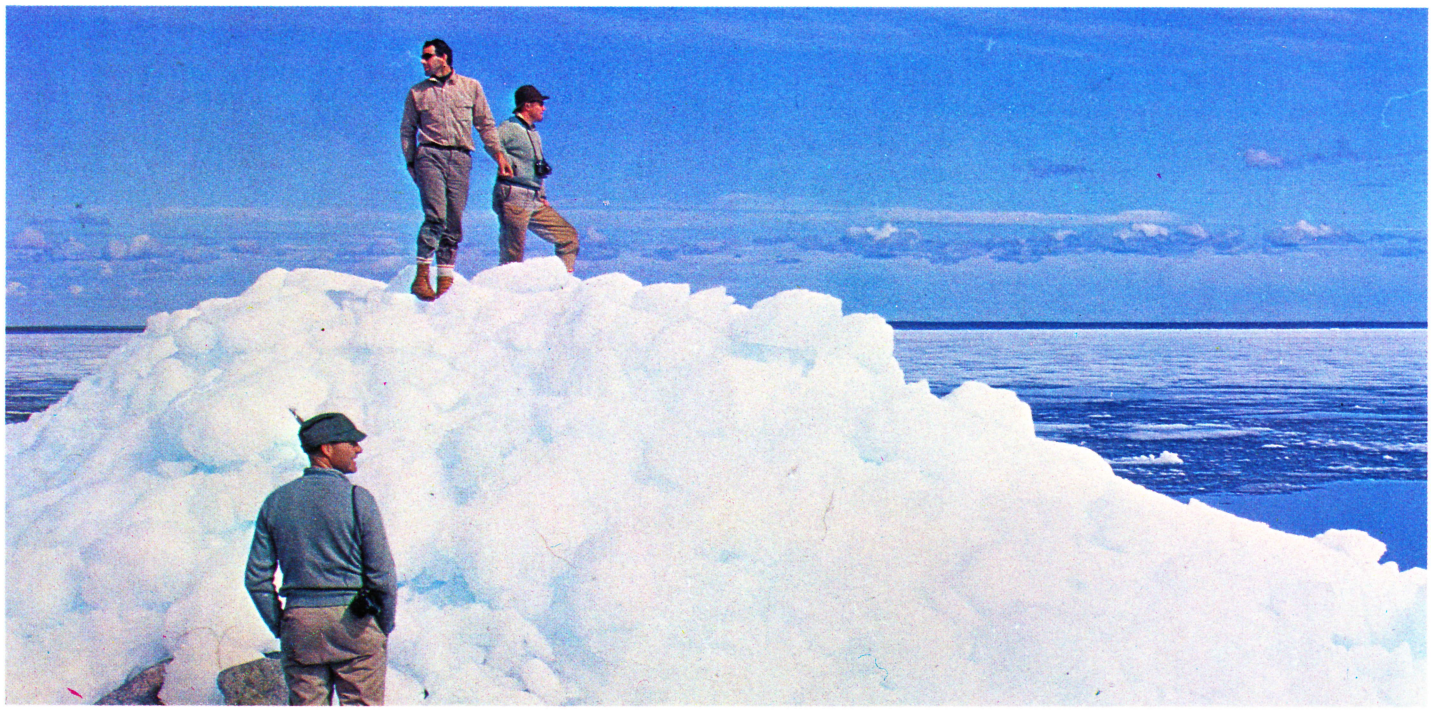
from the others is that it has no desert, no jungle, no savage tribes, no lethal insects, no dangerous snakes. Absent too are all the wilderness traveller's natural human enemies: hydro engineers, timbercutters, miners, bulldozer-operators, and other conspirators of 'multiple use.' For a limited period an unsurpassed complex of summer 'roads' gives total access by water."

The larger lakes aren't ice-free before mid-July in some years. The Arctic autumn, with its cold, high winds and snow, can arrive before mid-August. That cuts the canoeing season to a month to six weeks, and it is 1,500 miles from Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson Bay to the lower Mackenzie. An Arctic gale once pinned Morse's party to 40 miles in 10 days on Aberdeen Lake. They had to paddle 145 miles in the next three days to catch their plane.

Morse is an amateur in the British sense. Although he looks like a fit 50, he isn't a fitness fiend. The whitewater challenge is a personal one to him, although he says it has also been rewarding "to help acquaint young Canadians with their wilderness heritage, when many of them have been brought up (from frontier hangover) to fear and hate it."

"Canadians pioneered the wilderness out of necessity. Now we go back to it for leisure or an escape."

SCOUTING THE ROUTE. Above, looking toward start of Pike's Portage from foot of Artillery Lake. Below, July ice affords a viewpoint on Kamilukuak Lake.



Interest in canoeists rising

"Canoeists are really discovering the Northwest Territories," says Marion LaVigne of Travel Arctic. One result: The department has for this season a general booklet on canoeing, with bibliography. It also will offer trip reports on specific routes from those who have travelled them.

Coming, although not this year, is a revised topographical map from the Federal government, with increased and corrected detail of rapids and portages. Coming sooner: an Eric Morse book on his canoe trails.

Prospective voyageurs will enjoy Bill Gilbert's "Canoes North, More Than Adventure," Arctic In Colour, Spring 1974. For safety, voluntary notice on departure to RCMP under the Wilderness Travel Registration Service will make follow-up on you automatic unless you close out your proposed trip, somewhat like filing a flight plan.

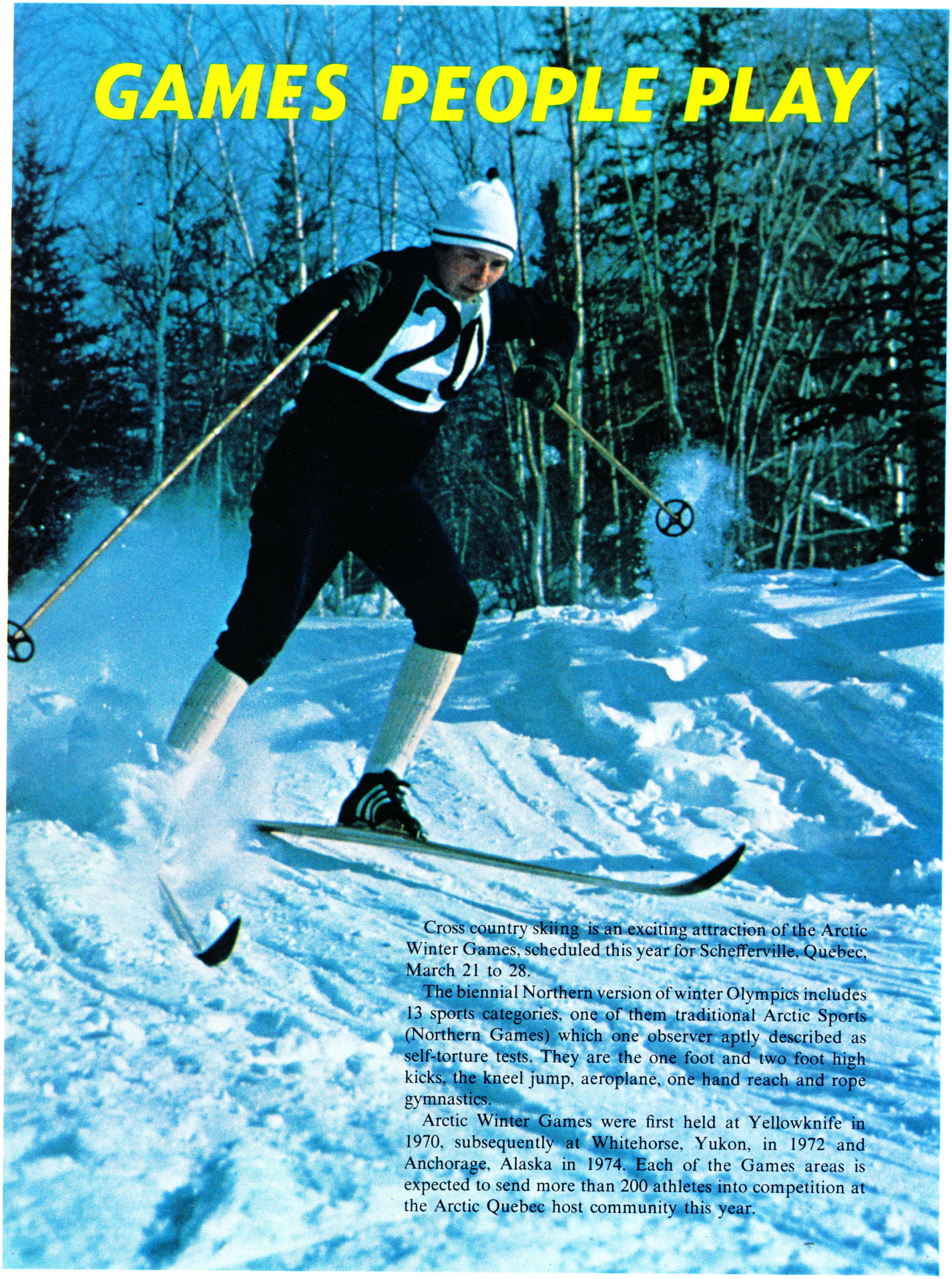
Bon Voyage!

CANOE CANADA'S ARCTIC

Follow the routes of the early explorers. Experience the thrill of white water. Or the solitude of a campsite on the vast barrenlands. Travel down Canada's longest River. Or plot a shorter route through almost untouched wilderness. This summer why not try a canoe trip in the Northwest Territories? For complete N.W.T. canoeing information write TravelArctic, Yellowknife, N.W.T. X1A 2L9

* photo by H. Blissett

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY



Cross country skiing is an exciting attraction of the Arctic Winter Games, scheduled this year for Schefferville, Quebec, March 21 to 28.

The biennial Northern version of winter Olympics includes 13 sports categories, one of them traditional Arctic Sports (Northern Games) which one observer aptly described as self-torture tests. They are the one foot and two foot high kicks, the kneel jump, aeroplane, one hand reach and rope gymnastics.

Arctic Winter Games were first held at Yellowknife in 1970, subsequently at Whitehorse, Yukon, in 1972 and Anchorage, Alaska in 1974. Each of the Games areas is expected to send more than 200 athletes into competition at the Arctic Quebec host community this year.

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THE BEAR FACTS. This postcard designed by Arctic In Colour artist Dave Devlin could have been inspired by one of photographer Eric Henderson's ice photos. It wasn't.

Northwest Territories in 1975

Government in Transition is the theme for the Government of the Northwest Territories Annual Report for 1975 — This publication contains a wealth of northern information and features:

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OH WHAT A GAL!

Claire Barnabe, an outspoken cigar-smoking ex-nun, is the only woman Settlement Manager in the Northwest Territories.

Settlement Managers fill a transitional administrative role in the development of local government in small northern communities, and are appointed by the Government of the N.W.T. Claire's first posting, in 1971, was to Port Burwell, N.W.T., on remote Killinek Island, just off the tip of the joint Quebec-Newfoundland peninsula which separates Ungava Bay from the Labrador Sea.

In 1973, she was named a Settlement Manager at large for the Baffin administrative region. However, expressing a preference for becoming part of the life of a settlement, she soon took on a posting to Repulse Bay, a tiny community on the far northwest coast of Hudson Bay, beyond Southampton Island.

In July, 1974, she became Settlement Manager for Norman Wells, a return to the Mackenzie District where she began her northern career in 1965 as a teacher for the Federal northern affairs department at Fort Franklin, on Great Bear Lake.

Claire, a fluently bilingual French Canadian was born at Cité Vanier (Eastview) near Ottawa, and was a member of the Holy Cross religious congregation for four years. She is a graduate of Ottawa Teachers College, holds a permanent Ontario teaching certificate and a specialist certificate for teaching of French.

When she headed North in 1965, Claire was following her own motto, "Dare to be daring," and she has followed it often since.

"I was liberated the day I was born," she says on Women's Lib. "I have no compaints. If anyone wants something badly enough, they'll get it. But determination is important." The cigars? "I smoke them because I like them." Her favorites are Por Laragna and Royal Jamaica.

One of her friends called Claire an "indomitable wild woman of the North," at the same time crediting her with being an accomplished cordon bleu, a connoisseur of fine wines and spirits, a prolific writer (she is known wherever Northern newspapers are read for her opinionated letters to the editors) a voracious reader, and the busiest person she ever met.

Claire has been active in Community Clubs – secretary at Fort Franklin, president at Fort Providence where she taught school in 1968 – without reducing her energy for personal pursuits, including freelance writing and historical research.

The Territorial Government welcomes this kind of energy, and Claire was appointed a member of the N.W.T. Historical Advisory Board in 1973, the same year she was named a Justice of the Peace.

Politics lured the Barnabe name to the ballot papers for Territorial Council elections twice. In 1970 she missed winning the Lower Mackenzie constituency by 61 votes. In 1975, on leave from her government job, she ran for the Mackenzie – Great Bear seat, losing by 14 votes.

Besides the North, Claire Barnabe has at least one other love: the Caribbean. For a month each year, you'll find her there, absorbing sunlight and sipping rum punch. Last year she sailed the Grenadine Islands on the Dutch built Danish cruise ship Hans Christian Andersen.

And if she said, "I've damned well earned it," one would have to agree.

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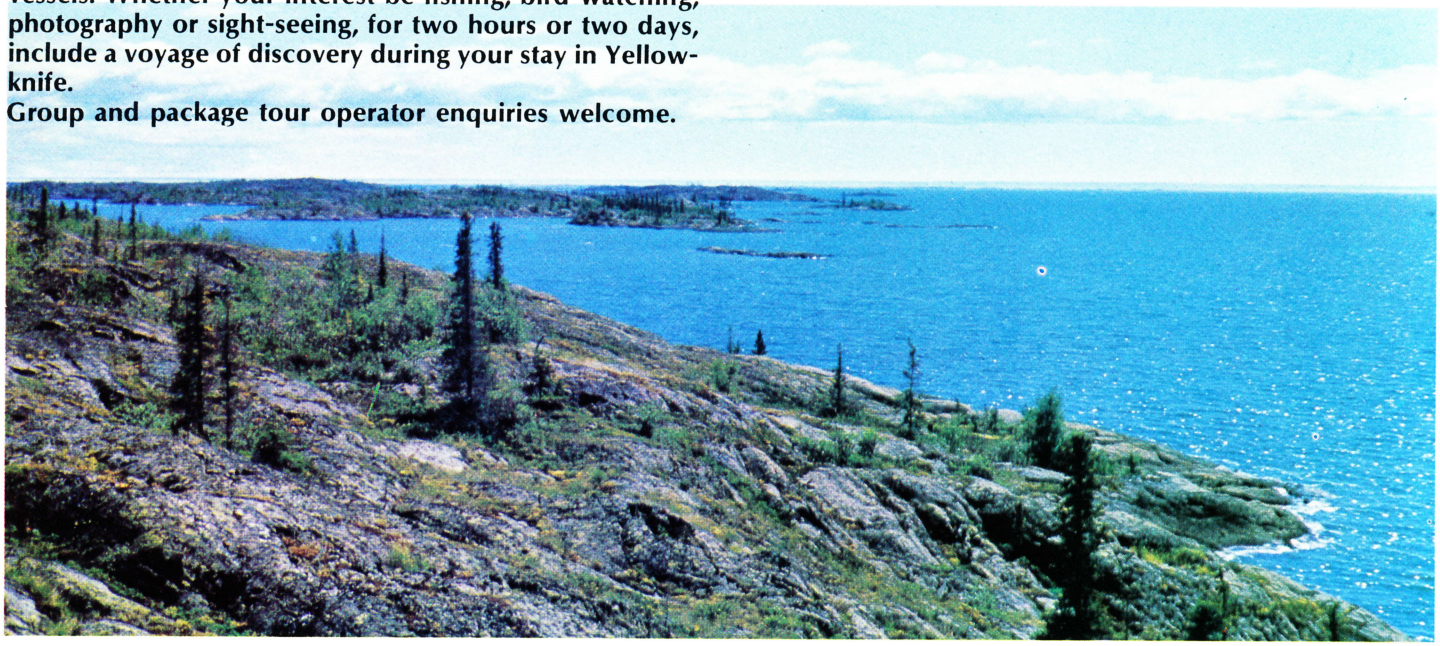

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ARCTIC SPLENDOUR Nourished by the Mackenzie River and tributaries, this autumn landscape provides a backdrop for a Fort Good Hope boy's meditation.

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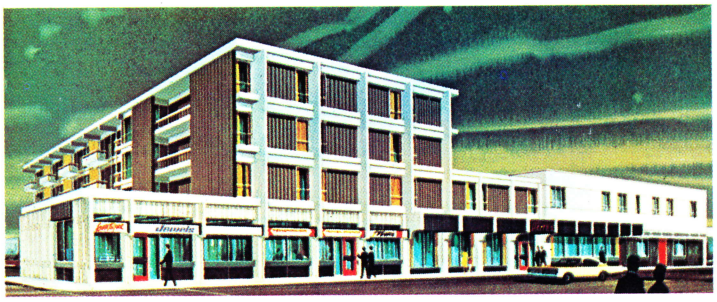

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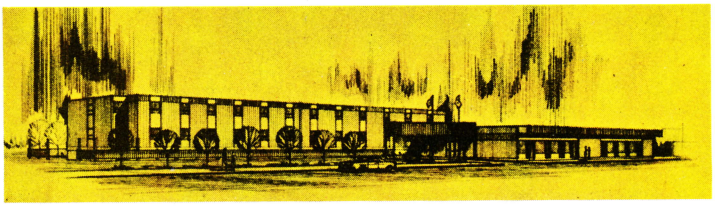

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BANNOCK!

by Capt. Craig Mills

It's the best bread made. Just ask Olayuk Naketaquik, or Charlie Jim Nitsiza. They're Canadian Rangers, residents of the Northwest Territories and they should know; or ask Master Corporals Joe Martin or Donald Gariepy. They are members of 3rd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and are residents of Victoria — and they should know too.

In fact bannock, that delightful northern concoction, may have helped cement relations between the Forces and the Rangers.

It all began last March when Northern Region Headquarters in Yellowknife started its most ambitious Ranger training exercise to date. It was named Nanook Ranger II.

Fifteen northerners gathered at Camp Antler, a converted summer resort camp, 40 miles west of Yellowknife, to meet an officer, a sergeant and six keen, young master corporals from 3 PPCLI — their instructors for the next month.

Five Eskimos from Arctic Bay, 1,200 miles north-east, and six from Holman Island, 540 miles north-west flew in for the training. Four Dog Rib Indians spent five days on the trail travelling by dog teams from their homes in Lac La Matre, 75 miles away. This marked the first time for Indian and Eskimo Rangers to train together.

Any pessimist could foresee the problems. Only one Dog Rib could speak English. None of the instructors had ever worked with Rangers. The Eskimos rarely worked or lived this far south of the tree line. At first, no one liked the RP4 and freeze-dried rations. The dogs needed plenty of fish and meal. The snowmobiles were finicky, and shacks were too hot and confining for the Indian Rangers.

Age and experience differed vastly. John Avilingak from Holman Island, 16, was the youngest Ranger, and this was his first exercise. Issac Attagutsiak, from Arctic Bay at age 56, was the oldest and most experienced Ranger with 25 years continuous service.

How could it possibly work? In one month, Lieutenant Mike Lawless, course training officer, Sergeant Jim Clare, his second-in-command and six instructors were supposed to turn out trained patrol leaders. Course subjects included weapon handling, map using, patrolling, first aid, radio communication; and many other necessary skills. Was it possible to teach these subjects, conduct a week-long patrol, and solve the myriad administrative problems all in a month? A small miracle might help — and bannock just may have been the thread that tied it all together. Early in the training, one Ranger, tired of chewing spongy bakery bread, took matters literally in his own hands. Using gestures sparingly, and no words at all, he demonstrated the ancient art of making bread, Northern style, to course cook, Master Corporal Howard Dowswell.

It proved an instant success and tremendous morale booster. Instead of a strict instructor/student relationship, the NCOs and Rangers began to share all of their knowledge and skills.

Instructors learned trapping and fishing techniques, mainly from the Lac La Martre Indians. Master Corporal Ted Luscombe became especially good with the dog teams, once giving Brigadier-General Fulton, Commander, Northern Region, a ride he'll not soon forget.

All Rangers took to skiing and snowshoe broomball as though born to the sports. They proved to be expert riflemen and naturally, masters of survival in the bush.

The Canadian Rangers were established in 1947 to use native northerns, mainly hunters and trappers, for reconnaisance, surveillance and guiding. However, they attended no annual training until April, 1971, when Canadian Forces Northern Region took on the job.

Now through training programs and exercises, competent Forces personnel are learning how to employ the Rangers' unsurpassed bush skills and how to live harmoniously with Northerners.

Nanook Ranger II proved once again that different Canadian life styles can be melded to build a better country.

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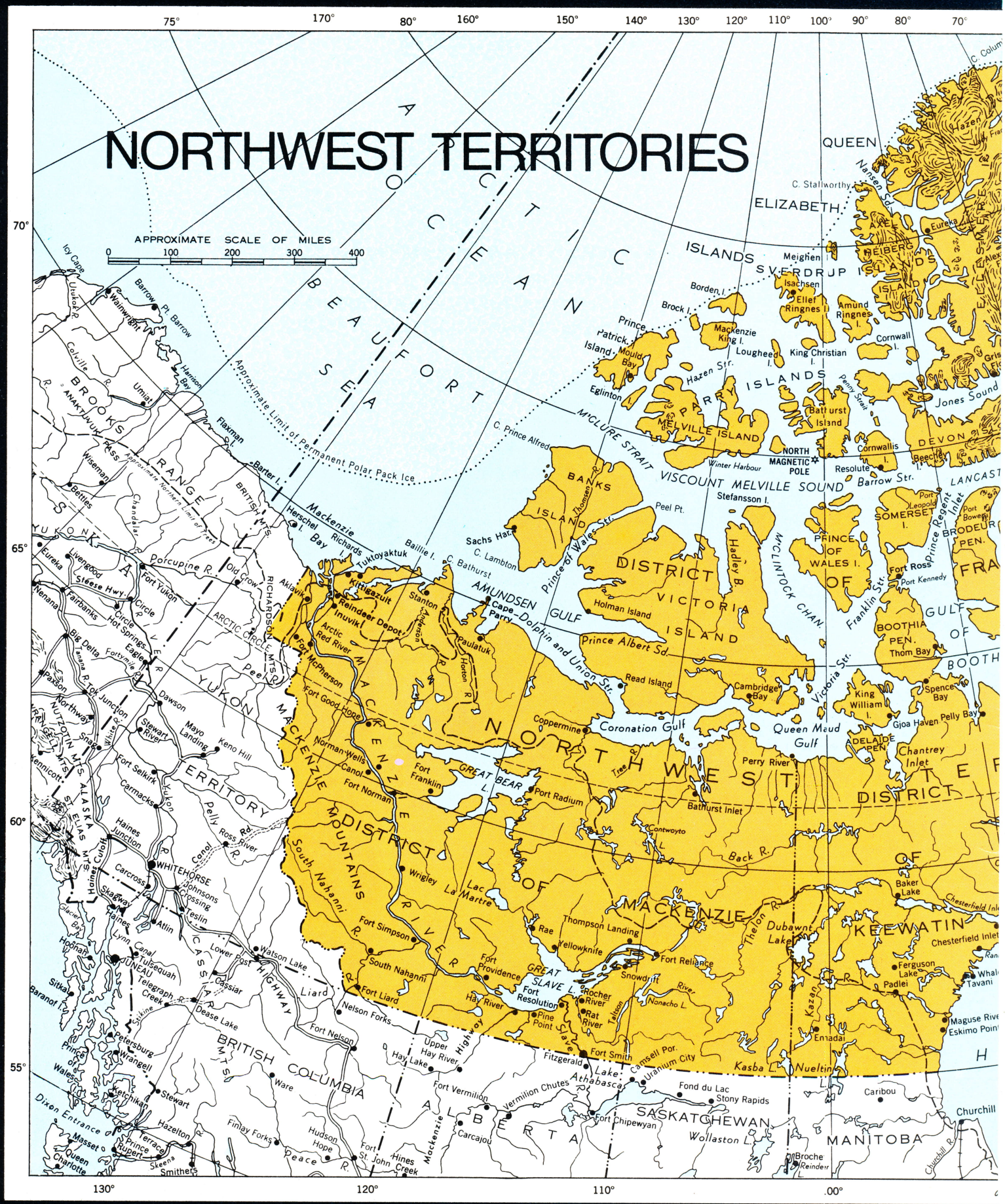

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

RATES AND DATA

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For advertising rates and specifications, write: Arctic In Colour, P.O. Box 2728, Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, Canada, X0E 1H0, Telephone (403) 873-4033 or Telex 034-45508

NEW FORMAT. Arctic In Colour artist Dave Devlin presents layouts of the magazine's new design to editor Jim Whelly (centre) and publisher J. W. Sigvaldason.

Arctic in Colour Grows in Size

content and circulation also increase

This expanded issue of Arctic In Colour is the first one entirely produced by Northern News Services Ltd. of Yellowknife. We hope you like it.

OUR BACKGROUND

Arctic In Colour was started by the Government of the Northwest Territories, which published seven issues from the summer of 1972 to the spring of 1975. Now published by private enterprise, it is the first and only Canadian magazine about the North which is edited in the North by Northerners.

THE NEW FORMAT

Our new size will bring our readers more stories per issue, and more of the colour photography essential to a vivid portrayal of the North. Our new frequency of four times a year will multiply this effect. With no sacrifice in quality and little increase in subscription rate, this makes Arctic In Colour a better buy than ever. One reason, of interest to advertisers, is that our subscription and newsstand sales are on the increase, pushing our press run this issue to more than 60,000. Size for advertisements now is a standard 7″ x 10″ image area, with bleed pages available at no premium. This size also provides for better exposure on newsstands.

OUR TEAM

Arctic In Colour is published from the Yellowknifer building, home of the lively and popular weekly newspaper, "The Yellowknifer." J. W. (Jack) Sigvaldason is the publisher of both.

Editor is Jim Whelly, who was publisher and editor of the first (and to date the only) daily newspaper in the Northwest Territories (1964-66) and earlier an editor with The Canadian Press. He was general manager of the Northwest Territories Centennial in 1970, and brings almost 20 years of Northern experience to Arctic in Colour.

Our Art Director, Dave Devlin, formerly an artist with the Territorial Government's Information Services, also is Art Director of the Yellowknife firm, Graphics Unlimited Limited, specialists in colour printing.

Circulation manager is Rose Smith, another long-time Yellowknifer.

CONTRIBUTORS WELCOME

Arctic In Colour always is pleased to hear from writers or photographers, particularly Northerners or those dealing with Northern subject matter at first hand. We take utmost care of photographic materials and will return them postpaid, whether accepted for publication or not.

Rates for stories used in the 1,500 to 3,000 word category are $100 and up; photos $25 for one-time use, higher for centrefold or cover photos. Payment will be made on acceptance.

EDITORIAL POLICY AND CONTENT

Arctic In Colour is produced for Northerners and for all those interested in this vast, still little known land and its inhabitants. It portrays the North dramatically, but realistically.

Even a brief trip to the North leaves the visitor impressed by its size, the magnificence of its scenery, the warmth and character of the people, but few are privileged to visit more than a small part of this mighty land. Arctic In Colour enables the reader to explore all the North and meet its people. The Canadian North is covered most comprehensively, but occasional articles are based on other polar regions: Alaska, Russia, Greenland, Iceland or Norway.

a new bird has joined the Ptarmigan flock

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